THE ROYAL

No. 29. Vol. V.—March, 1901.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C

BEECHAM'S PILLS

THESE ARE
THE PILLS
THAT CURE

ALL BILIOUS
& NERVOUS
DISORDERS

(IN BOXES)
1/1½ & 2/9

THE MEDICINE
OF THE
WORLD

BOTH A GUINEA BOX

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TWO ROCKS.—'The bedrock of unflinching principle and the bedrock of illimitable COMMON SENSE.'—*Rosebery.*

'Let us have faith that makes right, and in that faith let us to the end DARE to do our DUTY as we UNDERSTAND IT.'—*President Lincoln.*

FOR SOME WISE CAUSE

IT IS THE LITTLE THINGS THAT RULE THIS LIFE,

OR, IN OTHER WORDS:—

'Sow an Act, and you Reap a Habit;
Sow a Habit, and you Reap a Character;
Sow a Character, and you Reap a Destiny.'
—THACKERAY.

'And such is human life, so gliding on;
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

MORAL:—

'In Life's PLAY the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to our cost that he never overlooks a Mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—*Huxley.*

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of TOO RICH FOODS, as PASTRY, SACCHARINE, and FATTY SUBSTANCES, ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, and an INSUFFICIENT AMOUNT of EXERCISE—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous: I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right.—Yours truly,
"————— (August 8th, 1900)."

THE WAR.—Extract from a letter received from a Corporal, 1st Rifle Brigade, Vaal Krantz Hill, Natal: "I am pleased to be able to tell you I am in excellent health, owing, I believe, to my taking ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which I was able to buy some time back. It is very dear here, but I think the money well spent."—February 13th, 1900.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

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A FULL DRESS LENGTH of either cloth (6yds, 52in. wide) for **7/6**; carriage 8d.

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Tailor-designed REEFER COAT and Full-Wide SKIRT, in Cheviot Serge or Coating. **10/6** Price only **10/6** complete Costume; carriage 6d.; the Skirt alone for **5/6**; carriage 5d. Complete Costume in Fine Wool Serge, price **21/-**; carriage free. Handsome TOQUE, as sketch, **8/11**; carriage 6d.

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Smart FROCK, kilted Skirt attached to Bodice of same material and a smart REEFER COAT, lined through and finished gilt buttons. A splendid outfit, while the Frock alone can be worn for school or house. The Jacket, too, looks well with any other frock. In Black and Navy only.

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OF ALL CHEMISTS.

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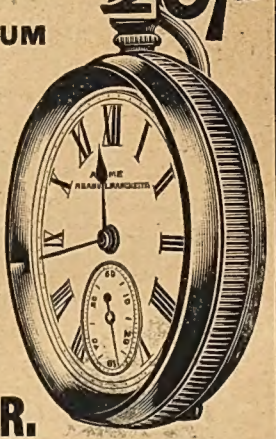

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THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL. 1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4yds. long, 2yds. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½yds. long, 52in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast Room Curtains, floral style, 3yds. long, 52in wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3yds. long, 40in. wide. All Knitted edges. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 2 Real Lace Toilet Mats. The Lot, carriage paid, 17s. 6d. White or Ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Carpet Felts, &c., Post Free.

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An instant and Permanent Cure. The largest sale in the world. Over **90,000** in use. Delivered, carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of Postal Order for **12/6**. Printed directions sent with each. Any person can fix it. State inside diameter of chimney-pot. Particulars and Testimonials on application to Sole Maker—

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Sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

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"Scotland.
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"Sirs,—Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2/6 Tins of BENGER'S FOOD for H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff.

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A SMART BOOT FOR SUMMER WEAR.

have features that are quite distinct. Their design and finish at once distinguish them from the ordinary Boot. For ease and comfort in walking, smart appearance in looks, preserving the feet against wet, ease in putting on, giving support to the ankle, they are unsurpassed. No laces, simply fastened by a strap.

Black Box Calf, good plain Boots, **14/6.**

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Boots made from customers own lasts.

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Wear the New American Shoulder Brace. The most Perfect Brace made.

Prevents anyone becoming Stooped or Round Shouldered

ALL SIZES

Men's and Women's (32in. to 42in.), **3/9** per pair.

Boys' and Girls' (22in. to 30in.), **2/9** per pair.

Send chest measurement right round under arms) and amount in postal order, and we will send them post paid.

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Is simply delicious. The more you eat the more you want, suits the taste of everyone. SPLENDID FOR A COLD. A large Sample Packet sent Post Free, 7½d. Bazaar enquiries solicited. *Sold everywhere at 8d. per lb.*

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WHY is it generally thought that there is no cure for Asthma, **Chronic Bronchitis,** Shortness of Breath, BLOOD SPITTING, &c.?

BECAUSE the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms instead of attacking the root of the disease.

BE SURE THERE IS ONE

ABSOLUTE LASTING CURE.

Sufferers will receive, Post Free, FREE of CHARGE, particulars of the famous WEIDHAAS HOME TREATMENT, when applying to Paul Weidhaas, Hygienic Institute, 16, T.P., Buckingham Road, Brighton.

Mr. Weidhaas has tried the treatment on himself after having been given up as incurable, and cured himself, and had then practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of Special Cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by his treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been

GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET.

Read the following Testimonial, one out of scores received.

MRS. E. W. (From a Photo.)

Bronchial and Cardiac Asthma (long years' Standing) Cured.

I have suffered from a weak chest from a child, and when about 18 years of age had a severe attack of bronchitis; and ever since I have been subject to attacks (I am now 54). About nine or ten years ago it turned to asthma, and during the last few years my sufferings have been most painful. I could not lie down when I went to bed through my difficult breathing, wheezing, and fighting for breath. My heart got so weak, and in the summer of 1897 the attacks came on so suddenly, and about every week or ten days I had to be in my bedroom suffering agony. In August I began the treatment, with the result that I am now a new woman. The asthma has gone; my heart is stronger, I have lost those heavy, stuffy feelings after meals, and can walk two and a half hours at a stretch with less fatigue than I could have walked a quarter of an hour before the treatment. I feel now I should like everyone to know that they can be cured of asthma, although three doctors told me there was no cure for it; and your fee is so reasonable. Mrs. E. W., Lower Sydenham.

(Full name and address on application.)

The Director is prepared to pay

£1,000

to any Charitable Institution if the above is not a genuine extract from the patient's own letter. The original may be seen at The Paul Weidhaas Hygienic Institute by any bona-fide inquirer.

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OVER HALF-A-CENTURY'S unrivalled and universal reputation as the *Best* and *Safest* Article for cleaning Silver and Electro-Plate. Sold in Boxes, **1s., 2s. 6d.,** and **4s. 6d.** each by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

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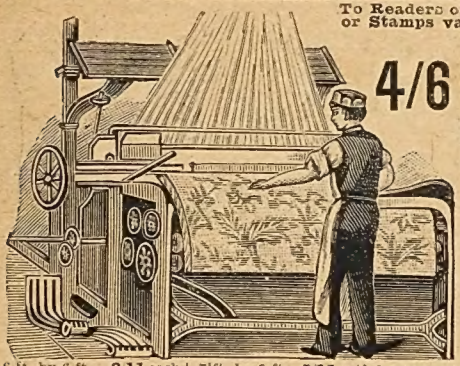

4/6

To Readers of the "Royal Magazine," 1/3/1901, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps value 4/6 (Regd.), we will send you the **Largest Genuine Reversible Carpet in Brussels Finish, with Rug,** ever sold at the Price direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing room, dining room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels Patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. **Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.** *Cut this out.*

SPECIAL OFFER.—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS, 8s.

Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Curtains, &c., post free if, when writing, you mention the "Royal Magazine," 1/3/1901.

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Admittedly the Marvel of the Age.

Woven and Reversible, rich Brussels and Turkey patterns and Colourings, superior quality, with handsome border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty. These Carpets are superb imitations of Real Brussels, and, except by the closest scrutiny, the difference cannot be detected.

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6 ft. by 6 ft.... **2/11** each	7½ft. by 9 ft. **5/11** each	9 ft. by 12 ft. ... **9/6** each	12 ft. by 12 ft. ... **12/9** each	12 ft. by 18 ft. ... **19/6** each
6 ft. by 7½ft.... **3/11** „	9 ft. by 9 ft.... **7/6** „	10½ft. by 12 ft. ... **11/6** „	12 ft. by 13½ft. ... **14/6** „	12 ft. by 21 ft. ... **22/6** „
6 ft. by 9 ft.... **4/9** „	9 ft. by 10½ft. **8/6** „	9 ft. by 15 ft. ... **12/6** „	12 ft. by 15 ft. ... **15/9** „	

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible Brusselette Hearthrug (Regd.) to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2yds. long and 1yd. wide. **SPECIAL OFFER.**—3 Hearthrugs for **4/3**, or 6 for **8/-**. Sterling Value.

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ADMITTEDLY THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

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6ft. by 6 ft. ... **4/11**	9 ft. by 13½ft. ... **16/6**
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8ft. by 9 ft. ... **9/-**	12 ft. by 12 ft. ... **21/-**
9ft. by 12 ft. ... **10/6**	12 ft. by 13½ft. ... **22/-**
9ft. by 9 ft. ... **11/-**	12 ft. by 15 ft. ... **25/6**
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9ft. by 12 ft. ... **15/-**	12 ft. by 21 ft. ... **35/6**

A "Queen's Royal" Hearthrug, to match, size 6ft. by 3ft., price 2/-. Special Offer—3 for 5/9, or 6 for 11/3. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—

F. HODGSON & SONS, Manufacturers, Importers, & Merchants, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**

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REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS.

Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):

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4½ft. by 7 ft. .. **11/-**	Velvet Pile	9 ft. by 12 ft. ... **38/-**
6 ft. by 9 ft. ... **18/-**		11 ft. by 12 ft. ... **47/-**
7½ft. by 9 ft. ... **23/-**	Brussels Carpet	12 ft. by 13½ft. ... **59/-**
9 ft. by 9 ft. ... **28/-**		12 ft. by 16 ft. ... **69/-**
9 ft. by 10½ft. ... **33/-**	Squares.	12 ft. by 18 ft. ... **77/-**

Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. Marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Also **Rich Velvet Pile Stair Carpets,** bordered to match, 18in. wide, **1/8** per yard; 22½in. wide, **2/-** per yard; 27in. wide, **2/3** per yard.

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IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS

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WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.

The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice,** and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. A boon to all who appreciate snow-white wrist linen daily, and who object to the annoyance of detachable cuffs. Made in two qualities. In ordering please state size of collar.

The "RANELAGH," to open in front or behind, as preferred. Sample Shirt, **3/11**; ½ doz., **11/6**; ½ doz., **22/6.** Post free.

The "ADELPHI," made with wide, heavy dress front, one stud hole, and fitted with patent side tabs and flexible waistband to prevent unsightly bulging caused by many wearers. Sample Shirt, **4/11**; ½ doz., **14/6**; ½ doz., **28/6** post free.

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HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers, Ranelagh Place, Liverpool.

Gentlemen should write for our No. 4 Booklet.

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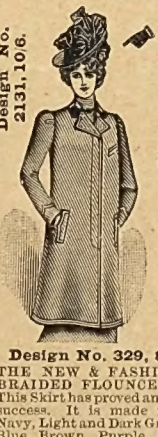

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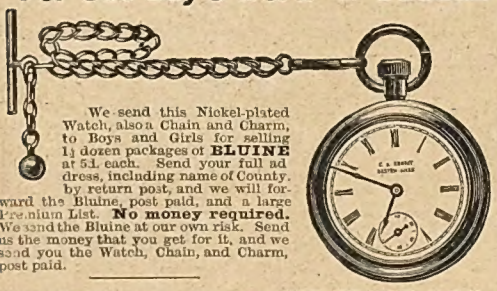

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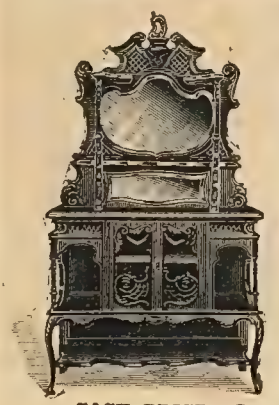

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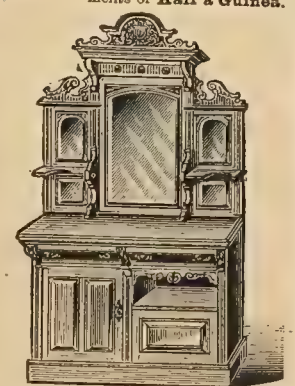

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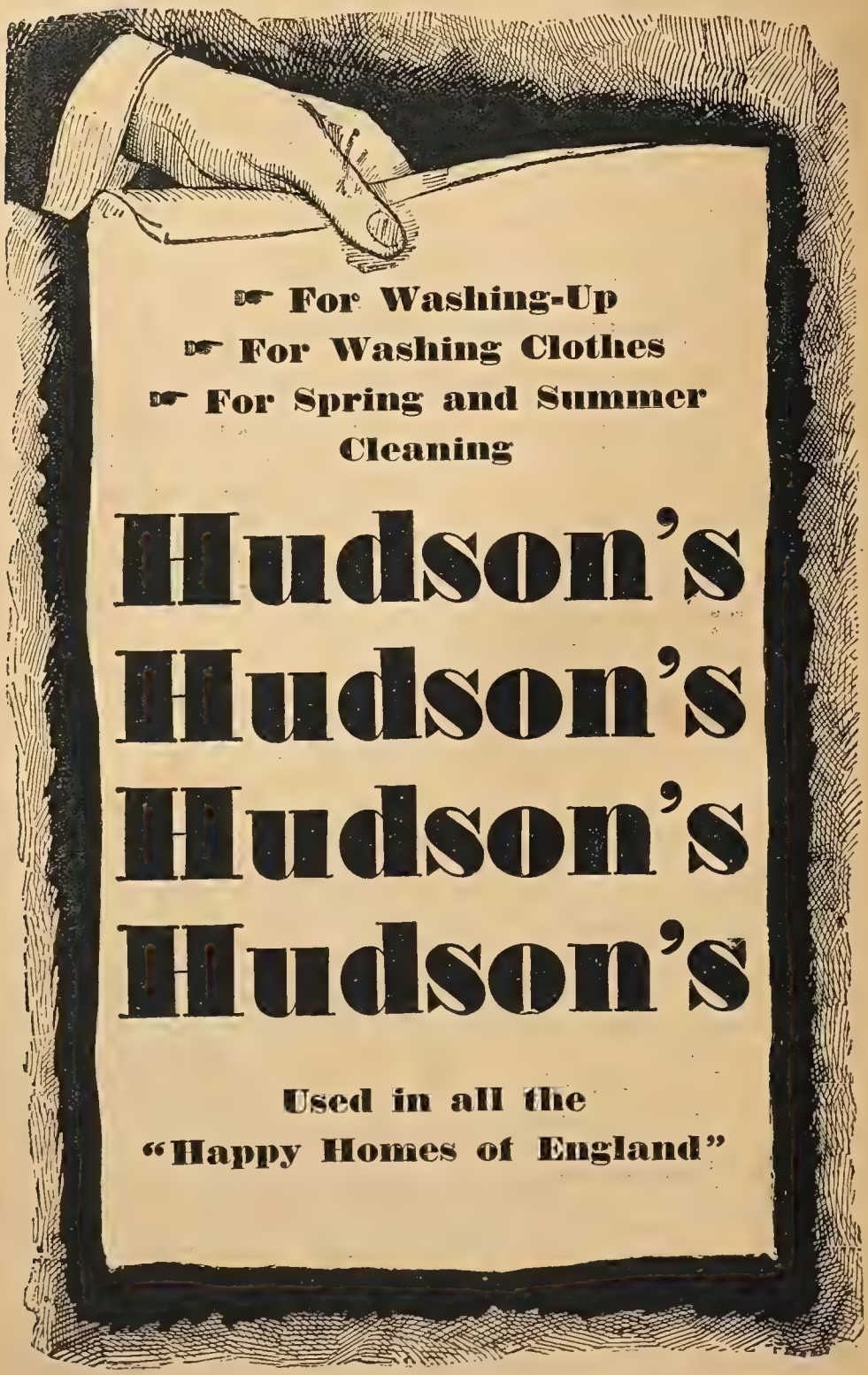
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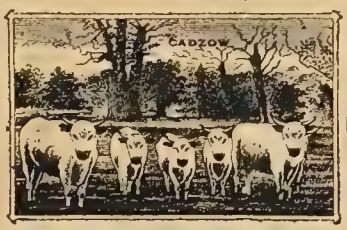
TRADE 

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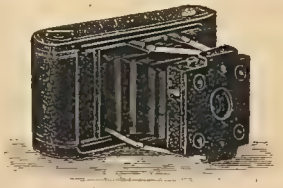

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1,2.

Bound Volumes of the third and fourth six months are ready, 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

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"Lilies and roses on her cheek,
And roses in her hair!"—*Anon.*

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Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

The Art of the Camera

By Roderick Grey.

The Spread of Photography.

I was asked the other day, in perfect seriousness, if I had any idea as to how many amateur photographers there were in Great Britain. I sought refuge in round figures and said "a million," adding that I had not the slightest authority for my figures.

Not but what the question is full of interest. For of a surety no hobby has ever developed so rapidly and to such huge dimensions as has amateur photography. Fifteen years ago—I might almost say ten years ago—there were certainly amateur photographers, but as compared with to-day, very few.

With the advent of the hand camera there came a change o'er the spirit of the times. People who found it difficult or tedious to carry a stand camera with its various accessories, including an equipment—a decidedly heavy appendage—of glass plates, seized upon the light hand camera with eagerness. The disadvantages of bulk and weight had been overcome. The nuisance of setting up a tripod and focussing had disappeared. A snapshot had become the matter of a mere moment and could be achieved even in a crowded thoroughfare without attracting attention.

The Hand Camera.

The revolution —for it was little else than a revolution unless it were a revelation — following upon the introduction of the hand camera, must have astonished the most sanguine of those interested in its success.

With a vast crowd of people, photography ceased to be a mysterious and scientific pursuit, and became a fascinating hobby. I don't think myself that it has ever descended to anything less than that.

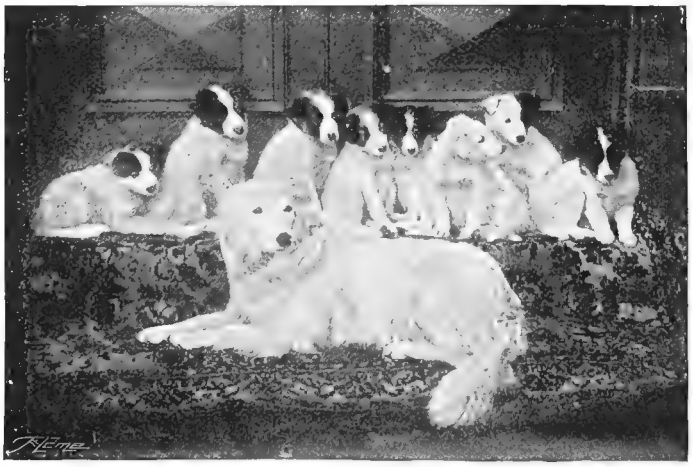

Photo by Slater, Llandudno.

A Well-behaved Family.

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The camera has not yet, and I, for my part, am inclined to believe never will, become a mere toy.

The little Brownie five shilling camera might perhaps in a sense be called that, and yet I doubt if a really efficient camera sold for half a crown could be regarded as a toy.

After all it is not difficult to see why this should be. However cheap a camera may be it always offers, if there are any possibilities at all about it, a big margin for skill and care and artistic judgment.

I have seen really excellent little pictures taken with one of those five shilling cameras—far better pictures indeed than some I have seen taken with a five-guinea camera.

There are some amateur photographers—I might perhaps term professional amateurs—who probably know ten times more about photography than I do, who decry the hand camera. They claim that you cannot choose your subject with such artistic exactitude and taste as with a stand camera. They declare that you are apt to waste plates on worthless subjects, and finally contend that inasmuch as you have to use very rapid plates, you cannot get good negatives.

Photo by F. Ollo.

The Apple-woman.

The Amateur Amateur.

Now I am not prepared to admit even from their standpoint the accuracy of these objections to the hand camera. From the point of view of the common or garden amateur—the amateur amateur in fact—who looks upon his or her camera as either a substitute for a sketch book or an amusement for a very small amount of spare time, such objections have no application whatsoever.

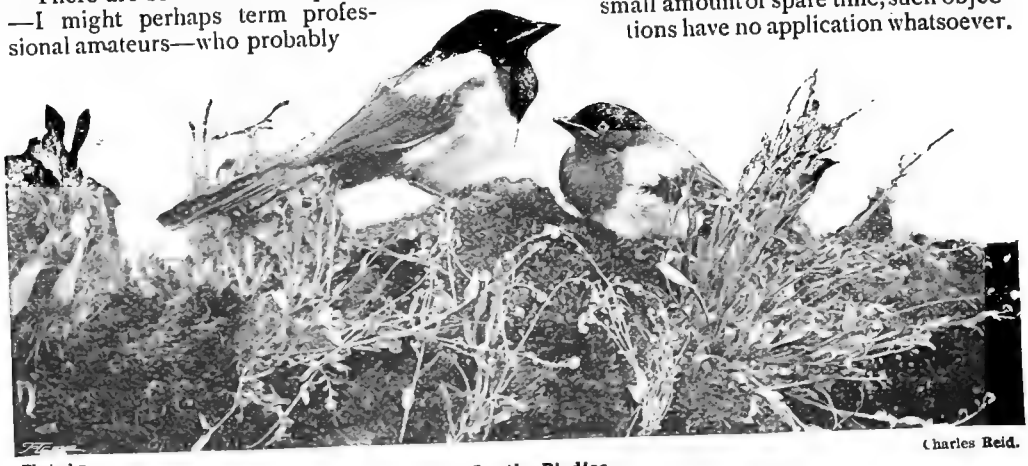

Photo by Charles Reid.

Twa Leetle Birdies.

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

SISTERS.

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There are, proportionately, very few amateurs with the time and the natural ability to attempt a serious rivalry in the matter of excellence with professional photographers. I do not for one moment imagine that I count any such individuals—whose skill I envy—amongst my many readers. Not that I think my readers are duffers, for I have from time to time had excellent specimens of their work sent to me. They simply regard, I fancy, photography as an amusement rather than an art, though they are quite ready to admit that for those who wish to treat it as such, it is an art. They take a camera with them on their trips abroad, and if they prefer their own various snapshots of scenes—of which they could buy cheaply excellent specimens done by professionals—it is because each snap-shot represents the scene exactly from the point of view from which they themselves saw it. I know, for I have found it so myself, and the album where I keep my prints is to me what a sketch-book is to an artist or a note-book to a writer.

Photo by Madame Lallie-Charles.

"Cross my hand with silver, kind gentleman."

Not a Society Craze.

Nor do I for one moment believe that to such folk photography is going to prove a mere transitory craze. Amongst Society with a very big "S." bicycling came with a rush, stayed for a day, and disappeared. For one brief season crowds cycled up and down the roadway in Hyde Park near the Serpentine or in Battersea Park. The crowds during last season were remarkable for their absence.

Croquet has been a craze. It has re-appeared I believe in a milder form.

Lawn tennis was once an absorbing craze. Golf is a craze still. But to my mind photography has just that foundation of solidity and seriousness, that element of art and interest which will keep it alive until—well, until some substitute having a similar but better result is discovered.

As a matter of fact this last remark is a contradiction in terms. What I really mean is that nothing but an improved method of photography will oust photography. When

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Photo by John H. Coath.

A Happy Trio.

that philosopher's stone of photographers, viz., photographing in colours, is found it will, if it is sufficiently cheap and simple, become everybody's hobby. Until then the hand-camera of to-day with the gradual improvements of to-morrow will hold the field not against but in company with lawn-tennis and croquet and golf—and half a dozen successors to each of them.

Washing.

I GENERALLY find that it is the least interesting portions of the various processes that are necessary to the completion of a photograph that become the most important, chiefly by reason of their being too often neglected. They are neglected, I presume, because they are comparatively uninteresting. The proper washing of films or plates and prints is a case in point. There are ways and ways of washing, and let me at once say that thorough washing is not necessarily to be measured by the amount of water consumed. The most efficient way to wash and the simplest is to have two basins. From basin to basin transfer the prints, filling up each time with clean water until not a trace of hypo is left.

Another rapid method is to place the negative face downwards in a full basin having a plug. Take out the plug, turn on the tap. The suction of the water down the plug-hole tends capitally to remove the hypo as rapidly as can be done,

From a Photo.

A Wet Morning.

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The Curate of Gwennas Cove.

By Edward Tebbutt.

"Yes," repeated the Rev. Stephen Cuthbert, as he assisted himself to a second rasher of bacon, and beamed over the flower-stand at his silver-haired wife, "I certainly admit to a decided predilection in favour of Mr. Bourne, and, from what I have already seen of him, I feel quite satisfied that we shall work together in perfect unison, and that our association will not be marred by the—er—somewhat unpleasant occurrences which characterised the brief stay of Mr. Hollin-Smith."

"I'm sure I hope so—I mean, I hope not," returned Mrs. Cuthbert, "though I shall always assert, Stephen, that Denise was more to blame than he."

"Nonsense, my dear, nonsense, Denise is an heiress, and Hollin-Smith had no right to make his suit so unbecomingly conspicuous. The natural conclusion arrived at by the entire village was that, to use a vulgar phrase, he was after her money."

"So he was," declared Mrs. Cuthbert placidly.

"Of course he was," agreed the rector, "but he showed very poor diplomacy in advertising the fact. His really indecent haste in proposing to her, led one to assume that he had made inquiries concerning the eligible girls even before he accepted the position of curate here."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Cuthbert, "I hope Mr. Bourne will prove more sensible, that's all. He looks a very agreeable young man, though, and Denise is sure to attract him. She always does," and the good lady glanced with pathetic resignation at the photo of a girl in evening dress, who smiled in inviting fashion from beneath the shining mirror.

Meanwhile, the Rev. Derek Bourne, the new curate of Gwennas Cove, was leisurely shaving himself in a small bedroom over-looking the shingled, rugged beach, and was examining his own clean-cut features with every sign of tolerant complaisance. He was a young man who, in his time, had been designed for every available profession, but, owing to a lamentable distaste for regular study, had finally drifted into the Church.

The Church, however, suited him very well indeed. The prospect itself had afforded him a legitimate excuse for the perpetration of a series of wild excesses at Oxford, and had permitted him ample leisure in which to indulge in the many and varied sports at which he was worthily considered an adept.

He had won his "blue" at Rugger and cricket, and was undoubtedly the finest exponent of weight-putting that either 'varsity could produce. He had come to Merton as Holder of the Public Schools Boxing Championship, and had fully maintained his reputation in this respect on the sundry occasions when prowess of a pugilistic nature was demanded in the peaceful streets of Oxford.

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Gwennas Cove was a small Devonshire village of romantic and picturesque surrounding, and was much affected by individuals who purported to be artists, and by young ladies, discreetly chaperoned, who were supposed to be engaged in the production of serious literary work, and in the absorption of local colour. They resided, these artistic dilettantes, in small and uncomfortable cottages perched in all sorts of inconvenient positions, and it was their custom to discuss their "work" with much enthusiasm and gusto.

The life and soul of this interesting colony was undoubtedly Miss Denise Carnegie, who rejoiced in the pen-name of Cyril Arkendale, and was suspected of having contributed at least two short stories to a high-class magazine for ladies only. Denise was a source of perpetual wonder to her friends, and a source of unalloyed delight to herself. She was an orphan, and counted among her worldly possessions a rugged Scottish castle in the romantic district of Killiecrankie, rendered tolerable by a rent-roll of most wonderful and fearsome proportions.

For some months after ostentatiously attaining her majority, it had seemed good to her to live in old-day state at Scarrion Castle, and to enact the *rôle* of lady-of-the-manor after the fashion prescribed by tradition. Then, she grew weary of bestowing flannel petticoats on rheumatic old ladies, and of participating in family grievances all pitched in the same exaggerated key, so under the moral supervision of a humble and obedient aunt, she "did" the Continent and found it rather slow. In Paris or Berlin or somewhere like that, she made the acquaintance of a lady journalist, who imbued in her responsive soul the fascinations of a literary career.

Wherefore was the lady journalist promptly annexed as confidential companion, and with the long-suffering aunt, they settled in Bohemian quarters in Gwennas Cove, to collaborate in the production of an immortal novel, with an eye to subsequent dramatisation. The lady journalist was young and attractive, and knew her way about fairly well. So the pair of them wrought great havoc in the quiet Devonshire settlement, and the Rev. Stephen Cuthbert had found it necessary to replenish his stock of curates seven times in the comparatively short period of six months.

At the precise moment when the Rev. Derek Bourne was attending to his matutinal toilet, the collaborators were busy collaborating.

"I say, Denise," remarked Miss Gwendolyn Sindall, "the new curate turned up last night."

"Did he?" said Denise absently. She was, at the moment, engaged in coining a sparkling epigram in connection with the immortal novel, and was undecided as to the usual method of spelling "supposititious."

"He's awfully good looking," continued Gwendolyn——Gwendolyn, by the way, was the lady journalist, and her immediate duties lay in the superintendence of important culinary operations, in which the boiling of a tea kettle and the heating of a pair of curling tongs bore prominent feature. She had blue eyes and glorious auburn tresses, and her general appearance was one of unspeakable innocence. She was bright and cheery, and in her time was said to have refused two rising editors and an advertisement manager.

"What's his name?" queried Denise.

"Bourne—Derek Bourne. Merton man and a Rugger blue."

"What a jolly name," cried Denise, swinging round on the music-stool as though endowed with sudden inspiration, "I vote we call our hero Derek, what do you say, Gwen? We can soon alter it in the MS., you know."

"No, Dennie!"—Gwendolyn was the personification of feminine immutability—"We've altered it nine times already, and we promised we'd let it go at Granville. Besides, Mr. Bourne would think we did it on purpose, and, being a parson, he might object to seeing his name on a play-bill."

"I wonder," said Denise deliberately, "which of us he will propose to first." I merely insert this callous remark as an index to the awful condition of Miss Carnegie's perverted temperament.

Unconscious of the interest which his advent had already occasioned, the Rev. Derek Bourne, having breakfasted in liberal and leisurely fashion, strolled round to the rectory to better his acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert, and to gather some details concerning the individuals over whom he had assumed the position of spiritual pastor.

As he entered the rectory gardens, he found the Rev. Stephen Cuthbert preparing for a tour among his parishoners, and readily fell in with the suggestion that he himself should accompany him. So, together, they turned their steps to a coiling, sloping lane, which led to the erratic cottages wherein the artistic colony found refuge.

"Er—by the way, Bourne," remarked Mr.

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Cuthbert in hesitating fashion, "are you engaged to be married?"

"No," returned the curate promptly, "why?"

"Oh—er—no particular reason: I merely wished to inquire," was the somewhat vague reply.

Scarce had he spoken when two girls turned the corner of the lane and walked daintily in their direction. One was divinely dark and the other divinely fair, and they were, of course, Miss Denise Carnegie and Miss Gwendolyn Sindall. Despite the fact that from their study windows they controlled an uninterrupted view of the rectory and its grounds, they expressed great surprise at meeting Mr. Cuthbert—and equal delight in making the acquaintance of Mr. Bourne. In response to such an effusive welcome, the curate bowed politely and directed the conversation towards the weather, which, he asserted, was quite exceptional in its magnificence. The rector noted with much satisfaction that he was by no means a callow youth of the type of Mr. Hollin-Smith, his predecessor.

Before many weeks had elapsed, the Rev. Derek Bourne had become a decided power in the village of Gwennas Cove. He had proved himself a capable exponent of art, had demonstrated literary capabilities of no uncertain character, and as a social force was simply invaluable. Moreover, he was unique—he displayed no interest whatever in Denise beyond a polite interest extended indiscriminately to every lady in the colony; indeed, it was even asserted that at times he actually went out of his way to openly ignore her.

Now, as a matter of fact, Derek Bourne, on the very morning of his arrival, had thoroughly decided that Denise was the one girl in the world to make him happy—also wealthy, though this latter happening was, of course, but the merest detail. He had likewise decided that before the summer was over, she should be his affianced wife, and he laid his plans to that end with all the dexterity of the worldling that he was. Acting on the assumption that the heiress was foolishly spoilt, he struck out a new line and politely levelled her with the remainder of her sex. Observing that the other men in the place were ignominiously at her feet, he erected

"He's awfully good-looking," continued Gwendolyn.

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for himself a pedestal at which she might later kneel. In short, he enacted the mountain to her Mahomet!

Just at the moment when his tactics were becoming interesting, a new artist took up his quarters in Gwennas Cove, and, in him, Derek Bourne perceived a somewhat dangerous rival. The artist was of Irish persuasion, his handsome face crowned with a mass of tawny hair, and he laid siege to Denise's heart with all the glowing impetuosity of his race. *He* was an impecunious artist with a career ahead of him . . . *She* was an heiress owning vast possessions. To his delightfully artistic temperament it seemed to appear that they had been specially born for one another. In manners and appearance, this Guy O'Connor was the exact antithesis of Derek Bourne, but he speedily became as popular. For one reason, he was possessed of a very pretty wit, which adapted itself to the taste of his audience in true Irish fashion; for another, his black and white sketches of decadent ladies and impossible men were regularly appearing in a current artistic weekly, and his name was very well known to Gwennas Cove even before his arrival in that hallowed spot—which was seldom the case in regard to other celebrities who visited the colony. So he played the lion with much success, and in the intervals of his roaring, whispered soft nothings to the heartless lassie from Scotland. And Gwennas Cove prophesied a speedy union, and—individually—reckoned the cost of the wedding-present against the degree of intimacy in which the interested parties were held.

The Rev. Derek Bourne lay low, and, like the immortal rabbit, said nuffin'. His attitude towards Denise was precisely as it had been from the start, and only on one occasion had he actually met her alone. It was after a garden-party at the old-day rectory, and at the moment when twilight was fading into night, Bourne strolled along the wave-kissed beach on his way to Gwennas Head.

He was a passionate lover of nature in all her moods, and every evening, he climbed this rugged time-split crag to watch the sun sink red and golden in the West.

Other curates before him had done precisely the same thing, but had mostly taken Denise with them to heighten the effect; indeed, no less than three distinct curates had won Denise for a sister on this self-same Gwennas Head. Bourne was clad in grey flannels, with a straw hat bearing his college colours. His hands were deep in his pockets, and a pipe protruded offensively from the corner of his clean-shaven lips. For the moment, the curate was sunk in the 'varsity athlete . . . and the difference was all in favour of the man.

He reached the topmost rock to find it already occupied—by Denise. That versatile young lady was perpetrating poetry, and had inclined herself to such a degree of sentimentality that had Guy O'Connor been the intruder, he could scarcely have seized upon a more suitable opportunity for the consummation of his enthusiastic suit. Denise heard footsteps behind her, and turning quickly, discovered Derek Bourne. It may be stated to her credit that the probable meeting had been in no measure anticipated by her.

Bourne raised his hat, expressing orthodox surprise at this chance encounter. He seated himself on a boulder opposite the girl, and hitched up his trousers at the knees. For the moment, he seemed uncertain as to the more suitable tactics to pursue.

"Are you on the immortal novel, Miss Carnegie?" he inquired lightly, with a glance at the pencil and note-book.

"Oh dear, no," returned Denise, "it's Gwendolyn's chapter just at present. I'm writing an epic!"

Poetry in Gwennas Cove was regarded more or less as a virtue, instead of being held in the just and proper abhorrence characteristic of better regulated classes of the community.

"An epic?" Bourne applied a match to his cold pipe, and its momentary flicker lit up a somewhat cynical smile, "I had no idea that your talents ran in that direction also. Do you know, Miss Carnegie, with all the genius evidenced around me in Gwennas Cove here, I feel decidedly like a fish out of water."

Denise deliberately closed her book, and circled it with an india-rubber band. Then she turned to Bourne. "Mr. Bourne," she said, with heightened colour, "I want to ask you something. Why do you make a point of going out of your way to snub me on every possible occasion? It's hardly gentlemanly on your part, is it?"

As she spoke, Bourne was frankly startled. There was something in her voice that made him wonder if he had been playing a losing game after all, and as the possibility flashed across his mind, something else flashed through his heart . . . the sudden realisation that he loved this girl with a great and overwhelming love, and that to be parted from her would mean something more than

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"Why do you make a point of going out of your way to snub me on every possible occasion?"

he dared pause to consider. Upon the instant, he found himself in a dangerous and unexpected position. He removed his pipe from his lips and tapped it lightly against the boulder.

"Do you remember a certain remark that you made on the morning of my arrival?" he inquired slowly.

"No," replied the girl, in somewhat wondering tone, "there was no particular remark that deserved to be remembered, was there?"

"Among other things, you said you hoped that I should stay longer than my predecessors, and that just when you began to like them, they sought fresh spheres of usefulness."

"Well?"

"Well," said Bourne coolly, "I, myself, had no desire to seek—fresh spheres of usefulness."

Denise rose to her feet, and stared at him in her own disdainful fashion.

"Then if I am to draw an inference"—she began.

So far had she got when Guy O'Connor came scrambling over the rocks. To all appearance, he was running races with a terrier of his own nationality, who was also supplying the orchestral part of the entertainment. He pulled up short as he reached Bourne and Denise, explaining that he had no idea they were there. He said that he had come to see the moon rise. Denise laughed rather ostentatiously.

"You are just in time to escort me home, Guy," she observed.

The artist was immediately transported to a very valhalla of delight. It was the first time that she had ever called him Guy—in public. On the way home, he proposed for the seventh time!

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After this encounter, the relations between Bourne and the heiress were even more strained than before, in spite of the fact that Denise was doing her utmost to bring him to her feet. Of the other men in the place she was utterly weary . . . even Guy O'Connor was, in reality, but barely tolerated.

This self-possessed curate who, in mental and physical gifts, stood a head and shoulders above the Bohemian poseurs of the colony, seemed a man apart from the rest of them; insensibly, she was drawn towards him in all her thoughts and dreams; it had needed the happening of some psychological event to unbar the very flood-gates of her love—facts which prove that the Rev. Derek Bourne had played his hand in unusually masterly fashion.

The psychological event took place one evening in September. Bourne had been rambling into the heart of Devonshire, and returning home, encountered the Swancote Hill. Swancote Hill is an incline of that description which seems to have been specially designed for the confounding of reckless cyclists. It leads off with a gentle, alluring slope, and ends up in a sheer drop after the manner of a young precipice.

Between the slope and the precipice, are a couple of right-angled corners, nicely banked up with solid rock and surmounting hedges, and practically impossible to turn with any degree of haste. At the crest of the hill is a regular phalanx of warning boards, and at the bottom an unlovely stone obelisk, upon which are engraven the names of those luckless cyclists whom bravado has lured to an early grave. Bourne had scaled the precipice, had passed the bottom corner, and ahead of him was a steep stretch of rutted road, which represented the second step towards destruction.

Suddenly he heard the frantic clanging of a bicycle bell, and round the corner shot a girl on a runaway wheel. She was making vain endeavours to regain her flying pedals, but was nerveless, apparently, to use her brake or to exercise any but the slightest control over her machine. It was Denise—rushing, with little likelihood of salvation, into the broad face of the rock-hewn wall beneath her.

There was one thing to be done, and Bourne did it. He sprang to the centre of the roadway and crouched, with set shoulders and muscles, in the path of the oncoming cycle. He smiled grimly to himself as he recalled his old International footer days . . . he had experienced a sensation similar to this when he set his back to the English goal line, and stood ready and hard for the Irish giant who tore down on him mad with the lust of victory. But on that occasion the yell of ten thousand throats had cheered him to stand firm and strong—and now there was only silence. He kept his nerve to the end. As the bicycle, with its tornado of dust, was almost on the top of him, he extended his arms and gripped the handle bars on either side . . . with a slight jerk he sent Denise flying head foremost into the bracken and heather of the roadside.

For his own part, the remainder was oblivion. With hands split open, a gash across his forehead, and every bone and muscle bruised and strained in utter helplessness, he was hurled some twenty yards down the road, with the twisted mass of steel dragging around him.

For some moments he lay as he had fallen, blind and dazed, yet semi-conscious.

Then Guy O'Connor came speeding over the slope, and pausing for a moment by the side of Denise, turned to where Bourne was lying. He carefully drew the battered cycle away, and kneeling on the grass-edge, he lifted Bourne's head from the white macadam dust of the roadway.

"Are you badly hurt, Bourne?" he cried anxiously.

The curate stared up at him, a mist creeping over his eyes.

"Were you with her?" he gasped.

"Yes. I tried to prevent her, Bourne, but——"

The Rev. Derek Bourne gave expression to a hollow, emotionless laugh.

"You *tried* to prevent her; oh, he *tried* to prevent her!" And with an awful caricature of a smile on his lips, his eyes closed and his jaw fell heavily to his throat.

* * * * *

The opinion of Gwennas Cove was divided. Young and enthusiastic lovers of chivalry—as all true Bohemiennes should surely be—applauded Derek Bourne to the extreme pinnacle of hero-worship, and called at the rectory every morning to leave rare and delicate fruit or flowers specially imported from London with a gorgeous disregard for expense. But maturer wisdom, doubtless experienced in the matter of stopping runaway cycles, urged that Bourne had been a little too rash in resorting to strategy so forcible, and hinted that he would have

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displayed greater wisdom (if less courage), in shouting to Denise to steer her machine up the steep incline of grass-decked bank, and to fall judiciously when she saw a nice soft spot. As was truly observed, it was the eighth wonder of the world that the girl had escaped with little more than a few mere bruises and scratches. But only Bourne himself, who had beheld Denise's face as she dashed headway into the jaws of destruction, could satisfactorily answer why such a method would have been worse than criminal . . . and Bourne, indeed, was lying under the charge of Mrs. Cuthbert, stricken with a complication of injuries which left little hope that he would ever grope his way to recovery again. Yet, somehow, he pulled round before the autumn had slipped away—a man who had stood face to face with grisly death; and had seized it by the throat to hurl it back from whence it had silently stolen.

"Are you badly hurt, Bourne?" he cried anxiously.

And one still afternoon in red October, he was carried out to a leafy glade in the shadow of the old-day rectory to await the coming of Denise.

At length, she came, her cheeks like the foliage around her, her eyes as tender as the great velvet expanse which sweeps over the heavens when the hour of night is near.

For a moment neither spoke . . . over her infinite pity, the girl experienced a tiny thrill of gladness that the man whom she loved had done this deed for her alone.

"Mr. Bourne," she said softly, so softly that he himself could scarce catch the purport of her words, "I want to thank you—"

Then she noticed his hands which lay heavily before him, the broad white bandages which circled them round and round—with a little cry of pain, she slipped to her knees and covered them with tears and kisses.

Gently Derek raised her head, and bent his own towards hers until their lips were somehow touching . . . and until her arms had somehow stolen around his neck . . . indeed, I doubt me not that in the incoherent whispers which meant so little and yet so much, they built up a great happiness which lasted the span of a lifetime.

* * * * *

"I' faith, my lord," quoth Denise, with sweeping curtsey, "as you have so gallantly saved my life, I must even place it at my lord's disposal."

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FORGETFUL LONDON.

Written, and Illustrated, with Photographs.

BY FRANK FOULSHAM AND ARTHUR C. BANFIELD.

This is no toy engine; on the contrary, it is 55 feet long. The lady drawing it is 63 feet high. If all the articles of female apparel lost in London in the course of a year were made into one costume, they would fit this formidable giantess.

SINCE Mr. Kipling wrote his famous song, the phrase "absent-minded beggar" has come to be regarded by the world in general as a special designation of the English soldier. But it must not be supposed that nearly all the "absent-minded beggars" were shipped to South Africa to settle the quarrel between Mr. Kruger and the British Government; quite a small army remained behind in London (not to speak of the provinces)—"absent-minded beggars" who never wore a red coat or a khaki uniform—an army of 39,000 odd. And the members of this army deserve the rather hackneyed phrase we have presumed to describe them with far more than do the gentlemen in khaki.

Riding in trams, 'buses, railway carriages, or cabs, they become so taken up with their surroundings, or absorbed in themselves, as to forget where they are, or what is theirs, and, alighting from the particular vehicle in which they have been travelling, leave behind them material traces of their presence, which those in charge are required by a fatherly legislation specially devised for "absent-minded beggars" to deposit in the care of the police.

Did we say 39,000? This is not quite correct; the army of forgetful Londoners is in reality much greater, and may doubtless be reckoned by hundreds of thousands, for how many have mislaid or forgotten belongings of so trivial a nature that the finders do not even trouble to carry them to London's home for lost goods? But this grand army of forgetful Londoners is, as one may say, "guilty but not proven"; rather more than 39,000 is the number of the guilty *and* proven sinners, and the Chief Commissioner of the Police will bear out this statement. A year's forgetfulness on the part of persons travelling in London's hackney and stage carriages inflicted that sorely-tried functionary with the care and responsibility of 39,551 articles, great and small, and some of considerable value.

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Sickness, separation, death, wet holidays, and many unhappy events of a similar nature have come to be regarded as things inevitable—occurrences for which no sensible and right-minded individual should reproach himself, another, or inscrutable Providence. And the losing of one's umbrella may safely be passed into this mournful category, although, until they studied the question, the present writers were under the impression that this form of forgetfulness was, if not more imaginary than real, at least grossly exaggerated. They are wiser now. It is not only very real, but a positive disease. You will find that very few people, including the most orderly and methodical, have not been guilty of losing, at least, one umbrella in their day. And it is in 'buses, trams, and hansoms that most of these umbrellas are discovered.

How many umbrellas are lost every year and never heard of again? It would be hard to say. But in a recent year no fewer than 17,497 found their way, through the honesty of 'bus and tramcar conductors and cab drivers, into the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard! Just think of it: nearly half of the total number of articles left behind by the forgetful Londoners are umbrellas, lost purses being a bad second at 3214.

And why should this be? Why should umbrellas be treated with such contemptuous negligence? These are questions that might well exercise the mind of the brain specialist. The best solution of the mystery seems to lie in the fact that whereas most other articles happen to be in some way

No fewer than 17,497 umbrellas were left in London's public conveyances in a twelve-month. Rolled into one, these would make an umbrella of over 73 feet high.

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attached to our persons, the umbrella depends for its safety merely on our brains and hands. Shall we remedy the evil by tying the umbrella to our waists? Very simple, but not quite satisfactory, such loving proximity to a wet umbrella on a rainy day being hardly a consummation to be desired. No, but let some ingenious person invent a simple but infallible umbrella-reminder. Let him patent his idea, and he would confer an inestimable boon, not only on mankind in general, but also upon himself in particular. Why, in a year or two that man would laugh to scorn all the Rockefellers and Rothschilds in the world. But until this public benefactor arises, why do not the 'bus and tram companies make an extra charge of a farthing for reminding passengers not to forget their gamps? Such an arrangement would, we think, be profitable to all parties concerned. But, of course—of course your conservative Britisher would kick violently at such an "imposition"; he prefers to pay twelve and sixpence for a new umbrella, or to borrow someone else's, to share ultimately the same untoward fate as his own.

Over 3,000 purses are lost in London yearly, of which the great majority are ladies' purses. The above photograph shows what these purses would look like if rolled into one.

All manner of trifles, which it would take pages to classify, from a leg of mutton to a barber's pole, accumulate in the Lost Property Office, and reach on an average the respectable total of 9000 a year. There is nothing much to be said of these; let us turn, therefore, our attention to that valuable article, the purse. In 1899 no fewer than 3214 purses went astray—or, rather, found their way into Scotland Yard—ladies' purses in the main, for your Englishman has all his wits about him; he has long ago discovered that the easiest way to lose his money is to put it in a purse, so he carries it loose in his trousers pocket, to the ignorant contempt of his Continental neighbours who still cling to the perfidious purse. It brings nowadays a covert smile to the faces of the male passengers of a 'bus or tram when anyone of their own sex produces a purse of the same shape as the one in the accompanying illustration. Ladies' purses, then, form the vast majority of those 3000 odd that find their way into Scotland Yard, and seriously, it is high time that some drastic measures were taken to improve matters in this direction. Seriously we say — not because we feel any pity whatever for the losers—but because stray purses constitute a great temptation to London's 30,000 drivers and conductors to join the ranks of the dishonest. Fancy the underpaid, over-worked 'bus conductor discovering a purse containing £250! Such a case happened only a short while ago, and the man, as in duty bound, delivered up his find at the proper quarters. But what a temptation for him! Two hundred and fifty pounds! Such a sum might well tempt a man to throw up his 'bus and set up as a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick maker! On other occasions purses have been found filled with sums of money varying from ten to twenty pounds in cash, to say nothing of bank notes. Yes, something must be done. Is there no woman who will arise and come forward with some grand idea for a money-pocket suited to feminine apparel—a pocket that shall be at once cunning, safe, and a thing of beauty? Such a woman, together with Dr. James Hanway, and the as yet unrisen creator of the umbrella reminder, would go down to

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If all the opera and field glasses lost in 1899 were rolled into one, this would be the astounding result.

posterity as a benefactor of the human race.

Are women more forgetful than men? A delicate question, and one which, doubtless, every man and woman would affirm and deny respectively. But are they? Let figures answer the question. The year 1898 gives us a good average, and it was then that the women of London left 1793 garments behind them, the men of London 1647. The difference is not great, but still it is a difference, and it answers the question in the affirmative.

In the year of 1899, 2809 bags found their way into the Lost Property Office—hand-bags, business-bags, dressing-bags, bags, in short, of every sort, description, and value. To keep them company were 876 walking sticks, mostly *not* of the crook variety; and in the theatre, 'buses, cabs, and the vehicles that carry racing crowds, were found no fewer than 763 opera and field-glasses. Forsaken travelling-rugs reached a total of 278. The value of an article seems to have no influence whatever on the memories of some people: newspapers and books of small account, and jewellery worth many pounds, are all one to them. Enough watches, chains, bracelets, rings, ear-rings, and necklaces were discovered to stock a shop. How anyone can forget his watch passes our understanding, and yet 210 watches were abandoned. The other various articles of jewellery reached the formidable total of 1000. Among all these inanimate objects were two dogs—losses well-nigh inexplicable, and showing most reprehensible inattention on the part of the dogs. A man may be forgiven for forgetting his dog; but the dog, what shall be said of the dog who forgets his master? With regard to cats it is different; cats are not expected to pay undivided attention to their owner's movements, and those which were discovered in London's public conveyances can scarcely be blamed for negligence. In

This walking-stick is 28 feet 4 inches long, and is an aggregate of all the walking-sticks lost in London in one year.

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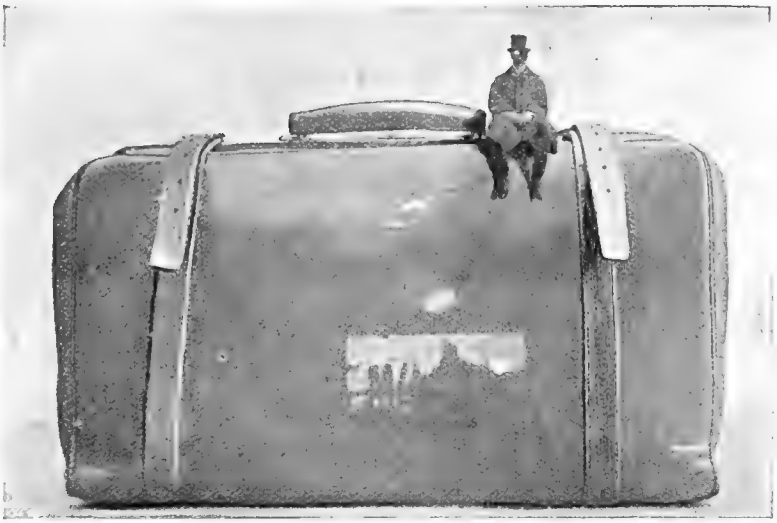
addition to cats and dogs, several live birds found their way into the Lost Property Office, and among these an owl. Really, this last find makes a man meditate. How in the name of all that is wonderful can one possibly leave an owl behind in a 'bus? It seems to us that so remarkable a burden would claim the undivided attention of the majority of travellers. What extraordinarily diverting incident can it have been that caused the owner of the owl to leave his bird to the tender mercies of the conductor and the officials of Scotland Yard?



No less than 2809 bags were left behind by forgetful Londoners in 1899. The proportion between the ordinary man and the aggregate bag is forcibly indicated above.

An up-to-date Gulliver! This giant carries on him a suit made from all the male articles of attire left in London's public conveyances in one year.

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Forgetfulness is not only on the increase, but in the last few years has increased by 30 per cent. Thus the total number of articles left behind in 1894 was 29,716; in 1898 it reached the heavy figure of 38,201; and in 1899, the last year we have been able to record, 39,551.

This mammoth watch, which is 1 foot 4½ inches in diameter, is the aggregate of the 192 watches which were left behind in one year.

But this is not all. Momentary forgetfulness in the hurly-burly of modern life is easily accountable. But how account for the fact that of the 39,000 odd who left their belongings about, only 19,804 ever looked them up again?

The awards paid to drivers and conductors during 1899 amounted to £2929, not over and above a colossal sum when one remembers the enormous amount of things which these gentlemen took the trouble to bring to Scotland Yard. Seven awards of £5 were paid, one of £6, one of £7, two of £8, one of £9, two of £10, one of £12, and one of £30.

Over 19,000 articles were restored to their owners, the unreclaimed residue being, after three months, returned to the drivers and conductors who deposited them at London's Lost Property Office.

This diagram shows the increase of lost property during recent years. It is true that in 1897 more things were left behind than in 1898, but the year 1899 beats all records.

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The Khedive's Agent

The Experiences of Mustapha the Frank.

By David Beddoe.

I do not know why I, in my old age, having passed the time when men seek for new labours, should take up pen to tell you of events which happened many years ago, and of things and people which have long since passed away.

I suppose it is that lying here on the shelf, and dwelling on the past, as all men do who have much of it to their credit, I should seek to strengthen my recollections by putting them down in black and white, not without the hope, perhaps, that they might be of use to some serious-minded student, who, later on, shall seek for materials to compile a trustworthy account of the life and times of my old master.

It is some years ago since I lived in the East, where the name of Mustapha el Ingleezy was once a household word, and around which even now, so I hear, many and wondrous legends have grown up in the land under the shadow of the Ottoman Porte. Yet, nevertheless, I cannot throw off the habits of half a lifetime, and in my bachelor chambers, when the curtains are drawn close over the windows, I fall back again into the old familiar ways, and, discarding my frock coat for a jibbeh, and my top hat for a turban, I sit cross-legged on the divan and puff calmly away at my shishah like any full-blooded old Turk.

It is lucky that in my old servant, Hassan, I have one upon whom I can depend, for if some loquacious housekeeper but surprised me in the act, my character, I fear, would not be worth a moment's purchase among my neighbours.

But Hassan knows my ways. It would be curious indeed if he did not, and, though he utters many harsh, guttural words against the climate, he is not likely to forsake me now, for there are certain reasons known only to Hassan and myself why he should not again set foot upon the soil of the Ottoman Empire.

It had often been a matter of no little conjecture in the old days how I, an alien, and an Englishman to boot, had gained the ear and confidence of an Eastern potentate so as to become his confidant and private agent in all things which concerned both himself and his kingdom. Many and strange were the explanations put forward, but most of them, as such ofttimes are, were wide of the mark.

Here, however, for the first time I set down the true history of it, and I do so the more readily because it shows Ismail in a new light, and that, spite of the calumnies showered upon him, he was at least not altogether destitute of gratitude.

I had arrived, at the time I am going to tell you about, in somewhat low straits. Old Jacques Renals, engineer, enthusiast, genius, in whose company I travelled, had come down low in the world.

We had been up the Nile, high above Halfa—which in those days was a very different thing to the present—cutting here, there, and everywhere into the desert in search of the

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precious stones, and minerals which my old friend firmly believed to exist in those regions.

For twelve months we searched, enduring privations, which I bore all the more readily because my old companion received them, spite of his years, with patient, uncomplaining endurance, but at the end of that time, our means being exhausted, we reluctantly had to give up the pursuit, and return again to Cairo, where we arrived more empty-handed than when we started.

The old man was downcast. He had put all his savings into the venture, but, with that buoyant hope which ever characterises the Celt, he did not utterly despair, looking upon our present impecuniosity as but an unpleasant interlude before the harvest.

I, however, less hopeful, but perhaps more practical, began to search for other employment.

Dear old fellow, I well remember the pained look that came into his face when I first told him of my intention.

"Ah, *mon ami*," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder, "you are leaving me just before the dawn. I had hoped that together we should have found these great mines, to have shared the profit. But never mind, I go to France to raise funds for another trial, then, *mon ami*, perhaps you will join me again."

I nodded just to please him, though I knew that Egypt would probably never see Jacques Renals, enthusiast and mining expert, again.

He left, and I, with the few piastres that still remained, searched high and low for something to do. Things were, however, at their worst with me when one evening, having been out from early morning, waiting unsuccessfully in official ante-rooms, on the chance of some small appointment, I made my way somewhat disconsolately to a small café that I knew of in a bye street off the Mahomed Ali.

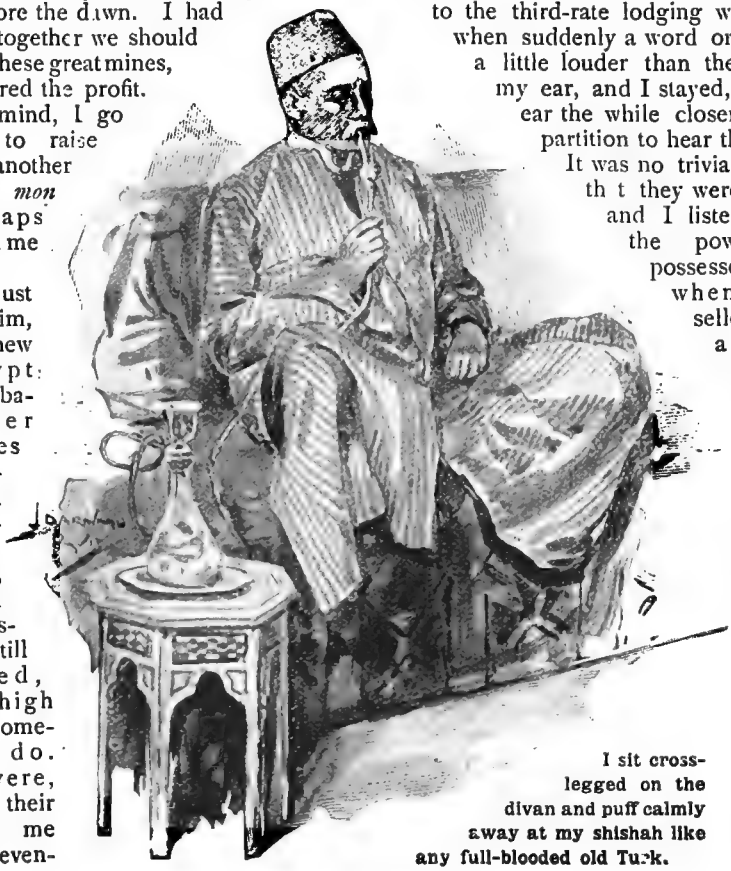
It was the time of the great fast of the Ramadan, and as I sat smoking my shishah in a corner of the dirty, half empty, ill-lighted saloon, the sounds of dancing and music came in from the native cafés in the neighbourhood. But I was in small mood for enjoyment, and crouched up in the corner I sat dwelling with little pleasure upon the prospects before me, as I pulled mechanically at the shishah.

How long I sat thus I do not know, until almost dreamily I became conscious of voices in a room at the back of me. Two men were speaking in low tones, but the partition was thin, and I laid my head against it.

It was difficult to hear, and I grew weary, for it was probably only of some trivial matter they were speaking, and half wearily I was about to rise and return once more to the third-rate lodging where I lived, when suddenly a word or two spoken a little louder than the rest caught my ear, and I stayed, pressing my ear the while closer against the partition to hear the better.

It was no trivial matter this that they were discussing, and I listened with all the power that I possessed, and swore when a water-seller, passing along the street, noisily clinked his brass cups. Soon, however, there came from within the room the sound of stirring, and, rising quickly, I slipped out before them into the narrow, overhanging lane.

You must know that at this time



I sit cross-legged on the divan and puff calmly away at my shishah like any full-blooded old Turk.

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Said was Viceroy of Egypt, and Ismail, his nephew, through the death of Achmed, his elder brother, was now heir to the Pashalik.

It was a wild time. Rumour was already rife that Achmed had not met his death by fair means, and that it was only by pleading illness that Ismail himself had escaped when the train went over the drawbridge at Kafr el Zayyat into the waters of the Nile.

The heir to the Viceroyalty was ever a marked man. It was rare that he was the one desired by the existing Pasha to succeed him, rarer still that he was allowed to enjoy his inheritance without, at least, one attempt upon his life.

And I paced up and down outside in no little excitement, for the assassins were at their old work, and Ismail's life was forfeited if the plot did not miscarry.

As I have said, the great fast of the Ramadan was on, and it would be followed by the feast of Beiram, when all business would be at a standstill, and for days Cairo, relieved from the privations of the past month, would give itself up to holiday.

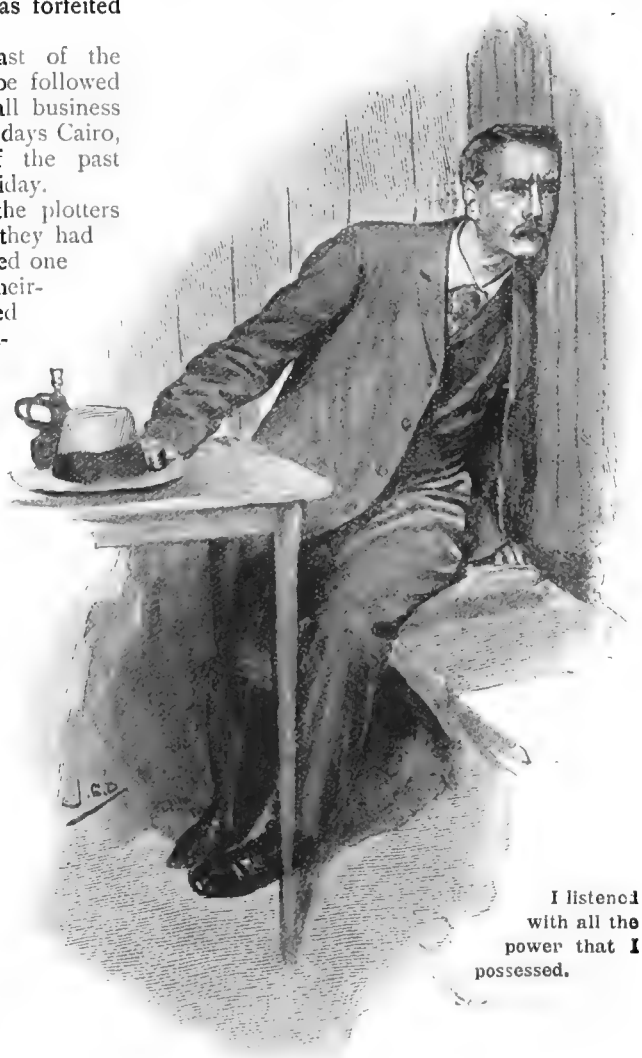
It was during this time that the plotters intended to strike the blow, and they had chosen it well, for Ismail, as behoved one who held the perilous position of heir-apparent, lived a somewhat secluded life, stirring out but on rare occasions, and then strongly attended. But at the great feast of Beiram the Viceroy would hold his customary *levée* in the Palace of Abdeen, and Ismail, as a prince of the blood, would have to be there.

It was already common property that the reception would take place on the second day after Ramadan, and the two conspirators, having still some details to settle, had agreed to meet on the last night of the fast to arrange the final plan of campaign.

This was all that I had gathered, though I had listened with horror-stricken ears to their murmuring. Who was behind them instigating the deed, or by what means they proposed to accomplish it — whether by a dagger stroke under pretence of preferring a favour, or by a rifle shot from a window on the route — I could not make out. Possibly they had not alluded to it, but in any case I had heard enough to give me something to think of other than my own woes and disappointments.

As I stood there bewildered at what I had heard, doubtful what course to pursue, two men brushed quickly past me. I glanced eagerly at them as they hurried by, and saw that they were Levantines, of that mixed breed which seems to embody in itself all the worst characteristics of the races from which it springs, beside whom the most depraved Mussulman in Cairo was a saint and a gentleman—trebly dangerous, because to utter unscrupulousness they added the cunning wits of the European.

As I saw them pass quickly down the narrow, evil-smelling lane, my first impulse



I listened with all the power that I possessed.

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was to follow and give them in charge of the nearest shaweesh, but the recollection that I could prove nothing and should only bring discomfiture upon myself, restrained me, and even as I debated they disappeared.

I spent an uneasy night, for there was no one in Cairo whom I could consult, and Monsieur Jacques Renals himself had left for France. But by morning I had decided that I would go to Ismail himself, and, craving an audience, lay the matter before him.

Somewhat early I rose, and donning my best suit, which now, however, was much the worse for wear, I set out for his palace at Kasr el Nil.

The janissary at the gate, where I presented myself, eyed me askance, and smiled somewhat broadly at my request. "His Highness did not receive that day. It was impossible." But I persisted, and after a wordy argument was let into the Selamlik near the entrance, where, after some delay, a functionary in gorgeous uniform came to interview me.

On my mentioning that I desired to interview the Prince, he replied brusquely that it was impossible, and demanded my business.

I replied that that concerned His Highness alone. He tried many ways to induce me to inform him of the purport of my errand, but I held firm, stating that it was a matter of the greatest importance, and that if I were not allowed to see him he would be held responsible.

He wavered at this, and I pressed the matter home at length by loftily informing him that I had not the time to bandy words. Would he or would he not take a note into Monseignor?

He hesitated, tried to bluff, then at last consented.

I wrote a few hurried lines. Again a long wait, but at length he returned and sulkily bade me follow.

He led me across the ornamental garden, up some broad marble steps, then across the entrance hall.

I was conscious but of a blaze of colouring as we crossed the heavy, silent carpet into a room which I judged to be the private reception-room of the Prince.

Here my guide, after silently motioning me to a seat, disappeared.

I was standing regarding a picture, evidently some work of art picked up by the Prince in his European wanderings, when a door suddenly opened behind me, and a young man in frock coat and tarboosh entered.

He was slightly built, with fair hair, fresh complexion, and dark eyes, over which his eyelids drooped in half sleepy fashion.

"Ah, monsieur," he exclaimed. "His Highness has sent me to inquire your business. He is indisposed, but bids me request you to tell me what you have to say."

I looked doubtfully at him. He was evidently someone in authority, but I hesitated, for what I had to say was meant for Ismail alone.

"Monsieur, those are the Prince's commands," he replied with a firmness which effectually prevented my lame expostulations. I recognised that I had gone as far as I could, so thereupon briefly told him everything.

He spoke not a word to interrupt, but sat on the divan, eyeing me with his half-opened eyes as he listened. Then, suddenly rising to his feet, he paced the room hurriedly. "Monsieur, this is serious news," he exclaimed at length, as, stopping in front of me, he eyed me with a keenness that I had not looked for from beneath his dreamy, downcast lids.

"That is why I came," I replied.

"What reward do you expect?" he inquired abruptly.

"What for?" I asked.

"For this information. You did not come out of charity, I suppose," he almost sneered.

"I am not an Egyptian," I replied bluntly.

He smiled. "No, why did you come, then? What has Monseignor ever done for you that you should come and give this information?"

"Done for me?" I exclaimed in surprise. "Nothing. I don't even know him."

He smiled curiously. "You have come, then, out of sheer kindness, philanthropy, eh?"

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, irritated at his manner. "Do you think that I have come simply to get something out of him? Thank God, we English are not beggars or touts."

Far from being annoyed, he only laughed. "Pardon!" he exclaimed. "You English see offence where none is meant. But I am glad that you want nothing, because this affair must be carried out without Monseignor's knowledge. It would disturb him greatly if he knew. He must never know. No one must know," he burst out, "for who set these men on, who, who?" and he looked at me as if waiting for an answer.

"I know nothing of that," I replied, "but I take it that someone will be the gainer."

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"Hush!" he exclaimed; "walls have ears, as you English say."

"I suppose that the Viceroy, as I have heard, does not love——." He raised his hand warningly. "Monsieur, you English are too outspoken. You are in Egypt now, not London. But the thing is, what is to be done?"

"In any case," I hazarded lamely, "if complaint were made the authorities could not do otherwise than arrest them."

He smiled again. "No, no, of course, of course. Still English, I see. No, we must do this work by ourselves, do you hear, by ourselves," he whispered hoarsely, gripping me by the arm with a grip that I had not looked for from one so slightly built.

This was an aspect of the affair which I had not looked for. To warn the Prince of his danger was one thing, to enter upon what might be a deadly fray was another.

"Ah, M'sieur, you hesitate," he exclaimed, with a gathering frown. "Are you afraid?"

"It is not that," I replied, "but I care not to enter into things of which I do not see the end, and I know enough of Egyptian court life to keep out of it. If anything turns up, how do I know but what I shall be made the scapegoat. Ismail might disown the whole business, and I shall have to bear the brunt."

He laughed. "You are cautious, but Ismail won't go back on you, I promise you that. Come as you English say, here is my hand on it," and he held it out frankly.

Spite of his plain, homely face, there was something so winning in his manner that before I had done I promised to do even as he wished.

I was young and hot-headed at the time, and the thought of adventure was not altogether distasteful to me, so with the folly of youth I fell in with his devices, thus, though I knew it not at the time, taking the first step on that path which I followed with more or less success for so many years.

Then over a cigarette and coffee, which he ordered, we sat and arranged matters.

It was eventually decided that we should meet as if by chance in the *café*, fully armed, then when the confederates were making their final arrangements, surprise, and, if possible, secure them without exciting comment, for that was the one thing my companion laid stress upon.

"To put them out of the way, *mon ami*," he exclaimed with a shrug, "is an easy thing, but they are but the jackals. 'Tis the other I want—he who set them on, his name—and secrecy."

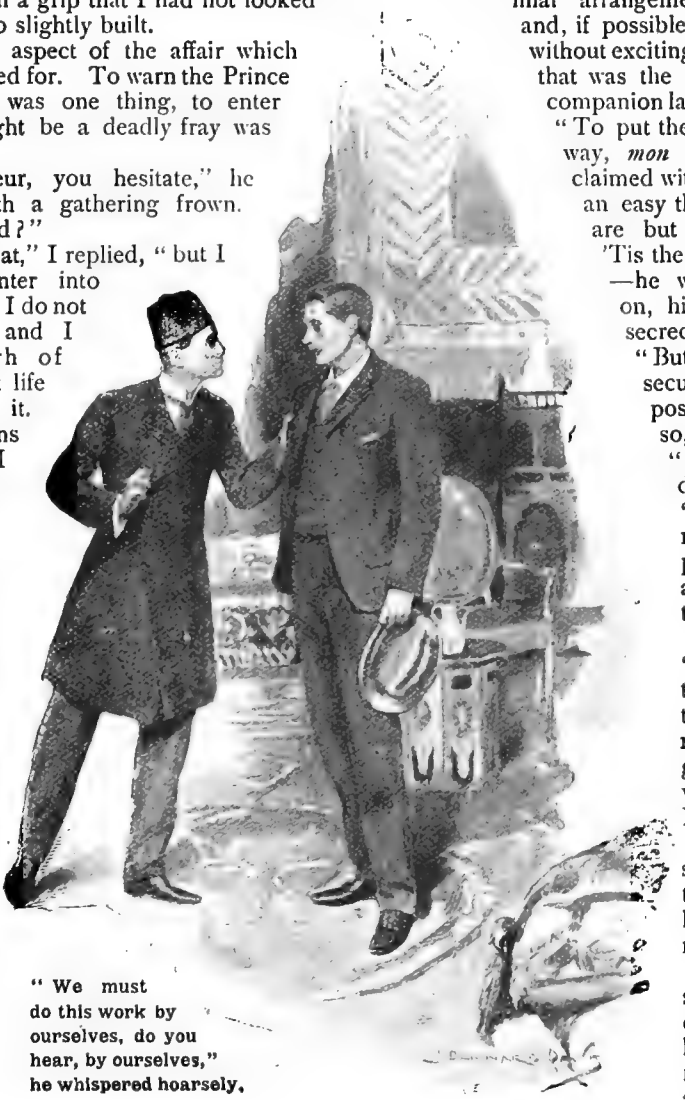
"But after we have secured them, supposing that we do so," I inquired, "what are we to do with them?"

"Leave that to me," he replied. "I will arrange all that."

I nodded. "Very well, then, I'll be there; but what name do you go by, 'tis as well to know?" I asked bluntly.

"Hafiz Pasha, chief of the Prince's household," he replied.

"Hafiz Pasha!" I exclaimed. "I have heard the name, but I always thought



"We must do this work by ourselves, do you hear, by ourselves," he whispered hoarsely.

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that he was older than you seem to be. You are young for the post."

He smiled. "Yes, but if some people but had their way I should not be much older."

"Ah, scheming even here," I replied laughingly.

"Where is one free from it?" he answered gloomily. "But never mind, be there at the time."

"I'll not fail. The only thing I wish is to see the rascals swing."

It was on the last night of the great fast of the Ramadan that I cautiously made my way into the dirty little *café* in the native quarter, and took up a seat in the far corner, and as I sat there in the ill-lighted, evil-smelling room I began almost to regret that I had mixed myself in the quarrel of another.

Soon, however, I was roused from my mental croakings, for almost silently in came a slouching figure. A word to the landlord, and he entered the little room at the back.

I eyed him narrowly as he passed, measuring him with my eye in case it fell to my lot to have to tackle him, and heaved a sigh of relief as I saw that he was small and not strongly made, paying but little heed to his villainous countenance which combined the cunning of a fox with the sneaking expression of a jackal.

It was some time before he was joined by his companion. This man, however, was of a different build, and as I saw him go by and noted his big shoulders and his bull neck, I began to regret that we had not made other arrangements than the feeble ones we had.

They had been closeted together for some minutes, and through the thin partition came the faint murmur of their voices, but no sign yet of my companion, and I glanced impatiently to the far distant door where no one entered save only a Berberene in gallibeah and turban, who, taking up his seat some little distance away, sat almost drowsily sipping his coffee.

No sign of Hafiz Pasha, and I swore softly because time was going. At the sound, round turned the native. I looked keenly at him, and there beneath the turban I saw the sleepy eyes of the Pasha, eyeing me half-smilingly from under his downcast lids. He crossed over. "Ah, so you had not forgotten," he whispered; then, with a jerk of his thumb. "Are they here?"

I nodded. "There is no time to lose."

"Come then," he replied. "I am ready."

I led the way towards the door of the room. "Shall we wait or enter?" I whispered.

"Quick, open, or we shall be disturbed."

I turned the handle gently. The door did not yield. It was locked. But softly as I had turned it, the inmates had noticed the movement, for quick came the challenge: "Meen henak? (who is there?)" We did not reply. Again came the voice, almost threateningly in louder tones, "Meen henak?"

"Quick, burst it open, we'll take the risk," whispered my companion.

I placed my knee to the door, and threw my whole weight forward. The lock yielded suddenly, and, half stumbling, I fell into the room.

The big man was already on his feet, and had drawn his knife, but with a spring I had him by the throat, knocking a chair over as I dashed at him.

It was all over in an instant, and I glanced round eagerly to see how my companion fared.

He had been less lucky, for the small man at the first sound had placed the table between them, and now with drawn knife stood with a most fiendish expression on his face, glaring over at the Pasha, who, blocking the way, stood with drawn revolver just within the door.

There was no time to be lost, so, seizing the heavy goolah, half full of water, which was on the table near by, just as he turned his back towards me for an instant, I flung it straight at his head. There was a crash, a wild, blasphemous oath, and he fell heavily to the ground.

"Ah, ah, bravo," exclaimed the Pasha. "Got him, now quick, bind them," and rapidly he unwound a thin rope which was wrapped round his waist beneath the folds of his gallibeah.

With dexterous hands he tied their wrists, with a skill that no amount of wriggling could unravel. "Here get up, you son of a dog," he exclaimed, and seizing his late opponent by the collar he jerked him to his feet.

My man, however, still lay half-stunned, but after a liberal application of water he finally opened his eyes, bleared round, and commenced to blaspheme, giving vent to such oaths as only a Levantine can bring his mouth to utter.

I raised him to his feet. "Come," said my companion, passing his hand beneath the arm of his captive, who scowled fearfully, "Come along, and if you dare attempt to escape, by Allah, I blow out your brains," and he protruded significantly the glittering barrel from beneath the fold of his robe.

There was now no sleepy look beneath the

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The man was already on his feet, and had drawn his knife, but with a spring I had him by the throat.

downcast lids. His oriental phlegm had gone in the quick struggle for life, but his voice was still cool and the tones suave as ever as he exclaimed: "Come, *mon ami*, it is time," and I, passing my arm even as he had beneath that of the swearing Levantine, followed in his wake.

We passed at length out into what is now the great thoroughfare of the Mahomed Ali. A carriage and pair were drawn up at the curb.

I had but time to note the thoroughbred horses, the big, unliveried servant waiting silently with one hand on the door handle when my companion stopped, gave a low signal, and the door was flung wide open.

"Get in, *mon ami*," he exclaimed. The big Levantine drew back, a gleam of the revolver, and he thought better of it. I followed, and soon the Pasha and his man did likewise.

A word to the servant and at full speed we dashed through the crowded streets.

"Ha, ha," laughed the Pasha as he significantly toyed with the revolver, "we did it, *mon ami*, you and I."

"We have fared better than I had dared to hope," I replied.

He laughed. "Ha! ha! the old fox will have to get up earlier before he catches Ismail."

"Ismail!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, certainly, it is not everyone who has such good servants as you and myself, *mon ami*. But, come, we are here," and in silence we drove in between the great gates into the courtyard of the Palace.

The door of the carriage was flung open, and, stepping out, I found two men fully armed awaiting us. "Here," exclaimed my companion, cutting short their salutes, "take them. I will examine them in the morning. If they escape, look to it."

With no gentle hand the two wretches were dragged out, and, still blaspheming, hauled away.

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"You'll come back in the morning?" my companion said.

"Oh, I'll come since you wish it," I replied.

"Good-night. I'll leave my thanks till the morning," and, turning, he disappeared quickly in the direction of the main building.

On the following morning I presented myself at the Palace of Kasrel Nil, and, on giving my name, was immediately ushered into the ante-room.

I had not long remained there when an officer of the household entered and requested me to step into the garden.

Following his directions, I went down the broad marble steps which led into the garden, and saw in front my companion of the previous night pacing thoughtfully to and fro.

At the sound of my step he turned, and, coming up, greeted me warmly. "Ah, *mon ami*, none the worse, I hope?"

I thanked him, and asked after the prisoners.

"Ah, the *canaille*," he exclaimed. "They confessed, *mon ami*."

"But what do you intend doing with them now?"

"They have been transported to Dongola," he replied, with an enigmatic smile.

"Ah, to Dongola." I replied vaguely. Then was silent, for I knew what that meant. They would plot against no man's life again.

"But there, let us forget," said the Pasha. "The thing is finished and no man the wiser save you and I, *mon ami*. But you and I do not part just yet. I have need of such as you. Will you enter the service of Ismail. Come, you shall not regret it?" and he turned frankly towards me.

"But there is His Highness to consult," I demurred. "How will he like it?"

"Oh, I will answer for him."

"Yes, but——"

"Ha, I see, you think that perhaps you won't like him, eh?"

I believe I coloured at the suddenness of his thrust.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed. "Oh, you English, with your scruples, your likes and your dislikes, you are a strange people. But supposing that I said he were something like—well—like me, would that suit your fastidious Highness.

I laughed. "Yes, that would suit me well."

"Then that matter is settled. Come, let us go in."

"But I am not properly dressed to interview His Highness," I replied, drawing back.

"Tut, never mind, you are no stranger. His Highness has seen you before."

I stared. A gleam of intelligence flashed across my brain. "What —wh——"

He nodded. "Yes, I'm Ismail," he replied laughingly, and, passing his arm into mine, he led me up the marble steps.

"Yes, I am Ismail," he replied laughing.

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JOHN BULL IN "PUNCH" 1841-1900

By J. Holt Schooling.

(*The Proprietors of* "Punch" *have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations.*)

1.—Mr. Sancho Bull and his State Physician. The first "John Bull" cartoon in *Punch*; October 9th, 1841. By W. Newman.

Although Mr. Punch's cartoons have made John Bull very famous during the past sixty years, Mr. Punch did not invent John Bull. The name "John Bull," as representing an Englishman, was, I believe, invented by John Arbuthnot, a Scotch author, satirist and physician, who was born near Montrose in 1675. In 1712 Arbuthnot produced the humorous "History of John Bull," a political allegory, in which European Powers were personated by John Bull the Clothier, Nick Frog the Linendraper, etc. John Bull was a popular figure in the caricatures of Gillray and Rowlandson, and in the cartoons of other satirists of the George the Third period. Mr. Punch's John Bull, or his earlier representations of John Bull, were probably descended from Gillray's representation of George the Third as "Farmer Gearge," and in some of Mr. Punch's John Bull pictures there may be seen a likeness to Mark Lemon, the first Editor of ***Punch***—a large, hearty, and jovial Englishman.

Mr. Punch's first John Bull cartoon is that shown in No. 1. John Bull is here represented as "Sancho" Bull (from "Don Quixote"). "Though surrounded with luxuries, the Doctor would not allow Sancho to partake of them, and dismissed each dish as it was brought in by the servants." The "Doctor" in No. 1 is Sir Robert Peel, then premier, and this cartoon refers to the tax on bread-stuffs. The dispute between England and the United States, illustrated in No. 2, arose out of a difficulty concerning the boundary line of the State of Oregon, U.S.A., adjoining British territory in North America. The Oregon question was in 1846 a party cry in the United States, and a large proportion of the American public desired war with England upon this matter, which was settled by the Oregon Treaty of June 15, 1846.

2.—"What? You young Yankee-Noodle, strike your own Father!" 1846. By Leech.

3.—A Silly Trick. *John Bull:* "Come, come, you Foolish Fellow; you don't suppose I'm to be frightened by such a Turnip as that!" 1848. By Leech.

Leech's amusing cartoon in No. 3, published in 1848, might have been published only the other day,

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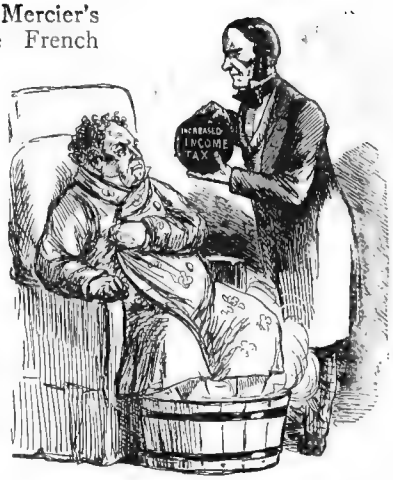
for it applies with exact force of humour to General Mercier's plan of invasion so ingenuously explained by the French ex-War Minister in the Senate on December 5th, 1900.

Even Parisian opinion condemned General Mercier's exploit as the equivalent of Leech's "Silly Trick."

4.—Great Exhibition of Strength. *P-lm-rst-n:* "He will now take the sack between his teeth, and walk round the apartment, notwithstanding the great weight he has to bear already." 1855. By Leech.

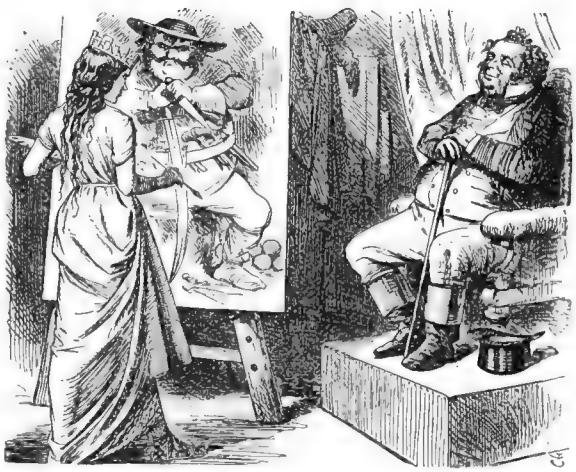


6.—The Gladstone Pill. *Dr. Gl-dst-ne:* "There, Mr. Bull—Swallow it at once, and it will relieve your chest directly." 1860. By Leech.

In April, 1855, when No. 4 was published, John Bull was in the Crimean War, and in that month he had to agree to carry a loan of sixteen millions in addition to the other financial heavy weights with which Leech has loaded poor John Bull in this cartoon.

Again, in No. 5, cousin Jonathan was on sour terms with hearty John Bull. This time, in consequence of the foreign legion raised by us as a contingent in the Crimean War, the endeavour to enlist for this legion in the United States (in 1854) having given great offence there. Our envoy was dismissed from the United States in May, 1856, and matters were at an awkward pass in June of the same year, when No. 5 was published.

5.—"Come, Jonathan, why should we Fight—am I not a Man, and a Brother?" 1856 By Leech.



7.—English Assassin painted by France. *M. Le Verrier:* "It is only in England that Members of Parliament are found who can be accused, proof in hand, of hiring assassins." 1864. By Tenniel.

In No. 6 Mr. Gladstone is forcing upon John Bull the nasty pill of an increased income tax, which in 1860 ranged from *7d.* to *10d.* in the pound, these

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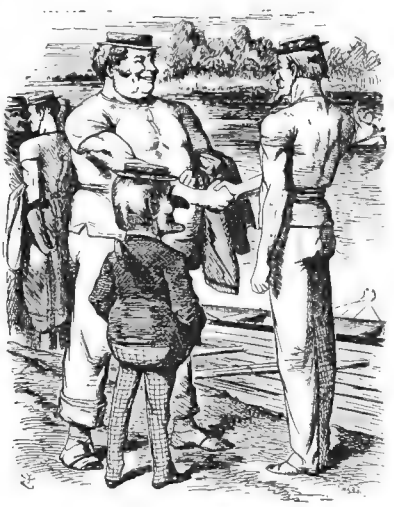
8.—"Tuck in yer Twopenny!" *Dizzy:* "Now then, John, I'm coming over yer again! Tuck in yer Twopenny!" 1867. By Tenniel.

differential rates being based on a scale of incomes. The differential rate of income tax was abolished in 1863.

Easy John Bull is in No. 7 painted by France as an assassin. This cartoon was published in 1864, but it suggests the likeness of the John Bull of 1900 as he is seen by the unhappily distorted vision of the French populace deluded by the lies of Mr. Kruger and his henchmen.



9.—"Well Rowed All!" *Umpire:* "Ha, dear Boys! You've only to pull together, to lick all the World!" 1869. By Tenniel.

Disraeli, in No. 8, is "coming over" John Bull for another *2d.* of income tax. We were then sending off an expedition to Abyssinia. £2,000,000 had just been voted for this war to release the captives in Magdala, and in the cartoon King Theodore is seen beating a retreat.

A more happy condition of Anglo-American relations is seen in No. 9 than in some of the earlier cartoons. This cartoon refers to the four-oared boat race from Putney to Mortlake between Oxford and Harvard Universities, which took place on August 27, 1869, when the Oxford crew won by a length and a half.

In November, 1871, when No. 10 was published, the famous Tichborne trial was in full swing—the first trial, when the claimant set up to be Sir Roger Charles Tichborne. The jury gave a verdict against the claimant on March 4th, 1872, and on April 9th, 1872, he was lodged in Newgate to be tried for perjury. This second trial ended on February 28th, 1874, with a sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment with hard labour for Arthur Orton, the claimant. The judge's summing-up alone occupied one month, and this second trial lasted from April 23rd, 1872, to February 28th, 1874—nearly two years—the longest trial known in England. The claimant died on April 1st, 1898, and in cartoon No. 10 his immense weight nearly breaks down John Bull, who is unable to attend to any of his country's business, which is being pressed upon him by the surrounding crowd.

10.—"The Old Man of the Sea." *Sindbad (as representing the British Public):* "I can't be expected to attend to any of *you*, with this 'interesti g topic' on my shoulders!" 1871. By Tenniel.

The very diverting cartoon No. 11, where Disraeli, as a sharper's confederate, says to John Bull, who is being diddled by the pea-and-three-thimbles trick, "Don't mind *him*,

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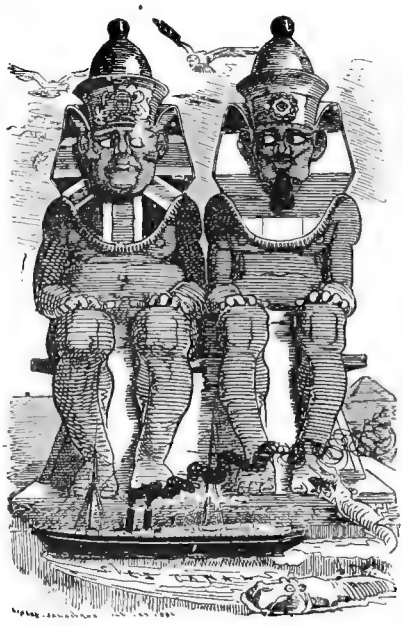
11.—The Indignant Bystander. *Mr. Gladstone:* "Don't you see, Sir, they're *Doing* you? You *Must* lose!—Really, the Police ought to interfere!" *Dizzy (a Simple Countryman):* Don't mind *him*, Sir! It's all his spite! He once kep' a table hisself!" 1875. By Tenniel.

sir! . . . . He once kep' a table hisself!" refers to the choice of the three "thimbles," under one of which John Bull is invited to find his financial salvation in the form of the pea. The three thimbles are marked Old Savings Banks, Friendly Societies, and Post Office Savings Banks; the "sharper" is Sir Stafford Northcote, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Disraeli being Premier, and Gladstone as ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer strongly disapproves the financial measures being put before John Bull whom he warns



13.—The Two Memnons—jointly noting. 1882. By Sambourne.

with the words, "Don't you see, sir, they're *doing* you?"

At the date of No. 12, a General Election was imminent and John Bull as Hercules is invited by Gladstone to take the road

12.—The Choice of Hercules. 1880. By Tenniel.

14.—The Beast of Burden. *Mossoo:* "If you cannot lead him, mon cher, let *me!*" *John Bull:* "No, thank ye. If I can't *lead* him, I'll *ride* him!!" 1884. By Tenniel.

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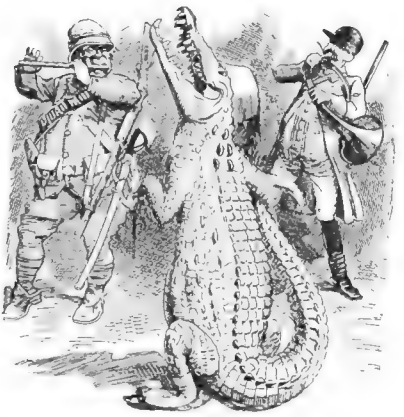
15.—Sheridan at St. Stephen's. *Joseph Surface (Mr. Gl-dst-ne)*: "But as to honesty of purpose, painful as the course I have had to pursue has been to me, I felt I had no alternative." . . . . "I almost think I shall carry with me your sympathy in uttering that sentiment." *Sir Peter (Mr. John Bull)*: "Oh, d——n your sentiment!"—[*Sheridan Gladstonised. Extracts from latest version.*] 1885. By Tenniel.

marked "Peace and Prosperity," while Beaconsfield suavely invites him along the path of "Peace and Empire." John went with Gladstone but found the sign-post delusive. He paid for his mistake—soon in Egypt and in South Africa, and later, and very heavily, again, in South Africa—by the great Boer War, which some ascribe to Gladstone's policy in March, 1881, when



17.—The Confused Crocodile. 1887. By Sambourne.

he recalled Lord Roberts from righting the Majuba disaster. The "choice of Hercules" refers to the classic choice of virtue in preference to pleasure, and in this cartoon John was sorely puzzled to know which of the two roads led to "virtue."

Mr. Linley Sambourne's very clever cartoon in No. 13 shows John Bull as

16.—The Political "Mrs. Gummidge." *Mrs. Gummidge-Gladstone*: "I ain't what I could wish myself to be. My troubles has made me contrairy. I feel my troubles, and they make me contrairy. I make the House uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it!!! *John Peggotty-Bull (deeply sympathising—aside)*: "She's been thinking of the old 'un!"—*David Copperfield*. 1885. By Tenniel.

18.—Cheek! *Mischievous Little Portugal*: "Please, Sir, don t hit me,—Let's *arbitrate!*" 1889. By Tenniel.

Memnon, an ancient King of the Egyptians, sitting side by side with a French Memnon. Both sit in Egypt on the bank of the Suez Canal, the Khedive's shares in which had

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19.—Arbitration. *The Seal:* "Belay, you two Johnnies!—Avast quarrelling! Give me a 'close-time,' and leave the 'sea' an open question." 1891. By Tenniel.

been bought by England in 1875, and the two Memnons are closely watching each other. The words "jointly noting" in this very original cartoon refer to the fact that in January, 1882, England and France had prepared a joint note in support of the Khedive. There was keen rivalry and jealousy between England and France in the matter of control of Egyptian affairs. In 1884, when No. 14 was published, John Bull had the upper hand in Egypt; he is trying to lead the Egyptian camel, crushed under the oppressive burdens of native Egyptian control, and he says to France, who offers to "cut in"—"No, thank ye. If I can't *lead* him, I'll *ride* him!". And ride him John did, with Lord Cromer's skilful hand to guide the camel's hard mouth.

John Bull was very angry with Mr. Gladstone in March, 1885, the date of No. 15. The Khartoum blunder had lately resulted in Gordon's death, and a vote of censure on Gladstone's government respecting Egypt had just been passed by the Lords, to be negatived in the Commons by only a small Ministerial majority. Mr. Gladstone protested, and John Bull, as Sir Peter Teazle, turns in angrily from the plausible Joseph Surface, who, as Mr. Gladstone, is trying to smooth down John Bull's wrath. In No. 16 John Peggotty-Bull is more kindly

21.—"Waiting for Relief." *Turkey:* "Hullo! You've all come to it, 'ave you? Why, *I've* been a casual for years!" 1894. By Tenniel.

20.—Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman. *(Modern Ulster Version. After C. R. Leslie, R.A.'s celebrated picture.) Mrs. Ulster:* "Now, Mr. Bull, do you see any '*Green*' in my eye?" 1893. By Tenniel.

disposed towards the discomfited Mrs. Gummidge-Gladstone. He pities rather than reproaches, with the words "She's been thinking of the old 'un!" The "old 'un" was Lord Beaconsfield, who would probably, according to Mr. Punch, had he lived and been in power, have followed another and very different line of policy that might possibly have been more successful than Mr. Gladstone's.

In February, 1887, the date of No. 17, improvement in the state of Egypt was reported owing to British control, but France again wanted to pipe the tune for the Egyptian crocodile to dance to. But sturdy John piped *his* tune lustily, and the crocodile was confused to know which tune to dance.

No. 18 relates to the improper confiscation

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22.—*Brother Jonathan:* "Say, John! You'd better go into Training again!" 1895. By Sambourne.

by Portugal of the Delagoa Bay Railway. "Let's arbitrate!" says cheery little Portugal. We did arbitrate, with the result only lately pronounced that we found ourselves shamefully swindled. For John Bull to arbitrate with everybody "on the other side" — whatever the justice of the case may be—is a foolish proceeding that John is not likely to indulge in often.

Cousin Jonathan is at us again, in No. 19, over the Behring's sea fisheries. The seal puts up his head from the hole in the ice, and very reasonably suggests a close-time for himself—the sea to be left an open question. Arbitration was agreed to in March, 1892, the arbitrators met in Paris in February, 1893, and the award, delivered in August, 1893, was in this instance not unfavourable to England.

The seal got his point also, and a three-months' close time for the seal fishery was one of the conditions of the award.

The very fine Tenniel cartoon in (No. 20) April 22, 1893, relates to the non-participation by Unionist Ulster in the Home Rule project of Mr. Gladstone, then lately introduced. There were great Unionist meetings in Ulster to protest against Home Rule, and on the day of publication of this cartoon there was a vast Unionist meeting in the Albert Hall, London, with the Duke of Abercorn in the chair, and 1200 delegates from Ireland were amongst the 10,000 persons present. Green being the colour of Nationalist and Home Rule Ireland, Unionist Ulster was anxious not to find even a speck of green in her own pretty eye —and she asked John Bull to look.

In January, 1894, many of the European nations were financially bothered, John Bull—the seedy "casual" at the right of cartoon No. 21 had a revenue deficit. The hardened "casual" Turkey comes to gloat over the financial troubles of his more prosperous neighbours as they are "Waiting for Relief."

23.—The Incomplete Angler. *John Bull:* "I don't seem to be doing so well as I did." *Joe:* "Well, if you want to get the better of these foreign chaps, you must choose your fly to suit the fish—as *they* do!!" 1897. By Tenniel.

The cartoon in No. 22 relates to the abortive attempt made by Lord Dunraven in 1895 to wrest the America Cup from the United States with his yacht *Valkyrie III.* — she was beaten by Mr. Iselin's *Defender*. In No. 23 Mr. Chamberlain is giving John Bull sound advice how to

24.—"Rapprochement." *John Bull (aside):* "She's rather an attractive woman!" *Madame la République (aside):* "Tiens! Après tout, il n'est pas si mal!" 1895. By Tenniel.

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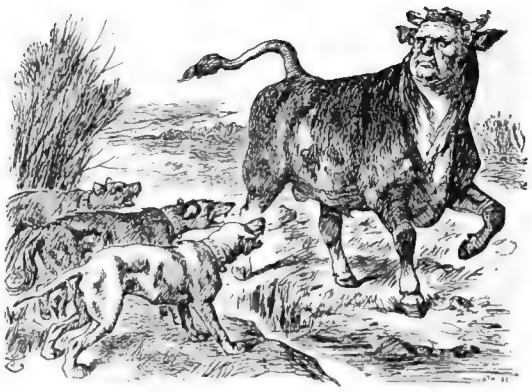
compete against the United States and Germany in their growing onslaught upon our Colonial trade—"You must choose your fly to suit the fish—as *they* do!!"

In No. 24 we see an illustration of "rapprochement" between France and England, in 1896, that one would very gladly see repeated now; but France's mind has been badly poisoned by the wholesale slander of England, with which she has of late been deluded by Boer agents. This "rapprochement" of 1896, if it then really existed, did not, however, last for very long, and in No. 25—a very dignified cartoon by Tenniel—we see the stately Bull being baited by the dogs of France, Russia, and Germany. That was a time of pin-pricks for us, from all round. But John Bull "stood by"—see No. 26—on the deck of his war-ship, and kept his weather eye open.



25.—"Bull-Baiting." 1898. By Tenniel.

26.—"Standing By." 1898. By Tenniel.

The pleasant Anglo-American meeting of John and Jonathan at the sign of Mr. Punch's house, the "Two Cross Flags," No. 27, illustrates the extension of friendly feeling between the two kinsmen that was caused by the moral support rendered to the United States by England in connection with the war with Spain.

There is a very beautiful cartoon by Sambourne in No. 28. It was published in February, 1899, prior to the Boer War, and it illustrates in charming fashion another temporary state of reconciled relations with our old neighbour France—who is perhaps a trifle *difficile*, sometimes. In No. 29, John Bull is sternly questioning the scheming hypocrite, Kruger. This cartoon is dated April 5, 1899, when the sand was running low in the glass, and John is beginning to mean stern business.

27.—"Doth not a Meeting like this make Amends!" *Punch* (*Landlord of the "Two Cross Flags"*): "Fill up, my hearties! It looks like 'dirty weather' ahead, but you two—John and Jonathan—will see it through, *together!*" 1898. By Tenniel.

In the splendidly powerful cartoon, No. 30, published September 27, 1899, John Bull is goaded almost to action by the darts—quibbles and delays—that stick out from his great shoulders. The infatuated Kruger still angers the Bull by waving in his eyes the flag of the Transvaal. In No. 31, October 18, 1899, the fight has begun. That smart gunner Joe points the Maxim, and John Bull is bringing up the ammunition. The astounding effrontery of the Boer offer of peace, after they were getting badly beaten, upon conditions that all they originally wanted should be granted to them, is well illustrated by Tenniel in No. 32, published March 21, 1900. The last two neat verses of Mr. Owen Seaman's "Concessional" that faces this cartoon are:

MR. KRUGER TO LORD SALISBURY.

Having already done enough
To "stagger" people, as proposed.

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28.—"Till Further Notice." *Sir Peter Teazle* - - Mr. John Bull. *Lady Teazle* - - Madame La République. *Sir Peter:* "And we shall now be the happiest Couple ——" *Lady T.:* "And never differ again?" *Sir Peter:* "Never —— never ——" *Lady T.:* "Never —— never ——" *Both:* "Never differ again!" *(Acting Version. For the remainder of the Dialogue, see "School for Scandal, Act III., Sc. 1.)* 1899. By Sambourne.

We surely may, without rebuff,
Look on the late affair as closed.

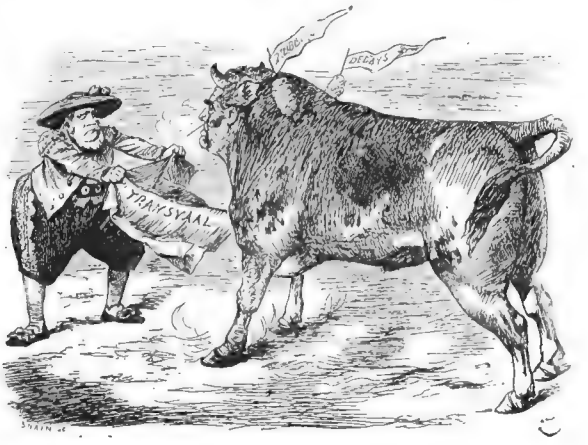
The terms we contemplate are light;
My simple burghers would, I know,
Be willing to accept a slight
Improvement on the *status quo*.

If ever Mr. Punch made Mr. John Bull give "The Straight Tip" to anyone, he made John Bull give it to Lord Salisbury, when, in cartoon No. 33, published October 24th, 1900, the Premier receives his "tip" marked "Majority 132," with the warning: "Mind and don't play ducks and drakes with it!" Mr. John Bull respects and trusts his aged servant, but John means to have good work done in the direction of a thorough defence of his large property.

The present selection of Mr. Punch's John Bull cartoons represents only about one-twentieth part of Mr. Punch's full collection of John Bull's portraits as drawn by his many artists. Of the thirty-three cartoons here shown, just two-thirds (twenty-two) were drawn by Sir John Tenniel, five by John Leech, and five by Mr. Linley Sambourne, who, at the commencement of this year, succeeded to Sir John Tenniel's place as Mr. Punch's "Cartoon Senior," and one by W. Newman. Mr. William Newman was of the Old Guard of *Punch*, and he was one of the original artists with whose work *Punch* started. He was the second of Mr. Punch's cartoonists, of whom the following is, I believe, a complete list since the commencement of *Punch* in 1841. In 1841, A. S. Henning, W. Newman, Brine, John Leech, and Birket Foster; in 1842,

29.—"All the Comforts of a Home!" *John Bull (Inspector of Transvaal School)*: "Look here, Mr. Krüger! I've just received this complaint from the boys. Perhaps you'll kindly inform me what it means?" *Mr. Krüger (Headmaster)*: "Complaints, Mr. Bull! I've heard no complaints! Why, they're as happy as the day is long!" 1899. By Tenniel.

A. "Crowquill" (Forrester), Kenny Meadows, H. G. Hine, and H. Heath; in 1843, R. J. Hamerton; in 1844, Richard Doyle, whose design is still on the front of the wrapper of



30.—All a Toss-up. 1899. By Tenniel.

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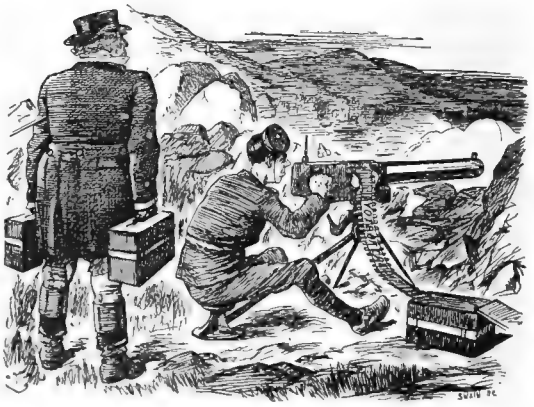
Punch; in 1851, John Tenniel; in 1852, W. McConnell; in 1864, Charles Keene; and in 1884, 1894, and later, Mr. Linley Sambourne, who is now "Cartoon Senior." The preceding list of Mr. Punch's cartoonists is almost identical with the list given by Mr. M. H. Spielmann in his admirable "History of *Punch*," whence I quote these names, which, be it noted, are those of *Punch* cartoonists, not, one need scarcely say, the names of all the artists who have worked for *Punch* during the last sixty years—their names would make a very long list.

But of all the cartoonists just mentioned, there is one who stands out pre-eminently, at any rate in the eyes of the present generation. Sir John Tenniel, whose place at the *Punch* dinner-table has been given to Mr. Leonard Raven-Hill, his function as "Cartoon Senior" passing to Mr. Sambourne, has been for us the *Punch* cartoonist of our time. Sir John has lately retired, full of years and honour, after fifty years' service. His first cartoon was published on February 8th, 1851, and is on page 46 of Vol. XX.



31.—The Sinews of War. *John Bull:* "Fire away, Joe! I'm with you! *I'll* look after the *ammunition!*" 1899. By Tenniel.

32.—A Hand ome Offer. *Poet (considerably damaged):* "I didn't like to mention it before, but now that 'you've recovered your prestige,' give me everything I want and all shall be forgiven!" March 21st, 1900. By Tenniel.

33.—The Straight Tip. *John Bull:* "Now, my boy, this is more than you expected. So, mind and don't play ducks and drakes with it!" October 24th, 1900. By Sambourne.

of *Punch*. It represents Lord John Russell, who was then Prime Minister, attacking Cardinal Wiseman with his sword named "Act of Parliament"—an Act to prevent the establishment of Roman Catholic bishoprics in England. Cardinal Wiseman was identified with the "Papal Aggression" that in 1851 made a great stir in England, and Lord John Russell, in this first cartoon by Tenniel, is being well backed up by Mr. Punch and by John Bull.

It was, in fact, this matter of Papal Aggression which led to Sir John Tenniel being connected with *Punch*. Richard Doyle left *Punch* in the year 1850, in consequence of *Punch's* onslaught against Roman Catholicism, Doyle being of that faith, and at Christmas, 1850, Tenniel was invited by Mark Lemon, then the editor of *Punch*, to fill the place suddenly left vacant by Doyle, whose abrupt retirement had left *Punch* somewhat in a fix. This invitation went to Tenniel on the strength of his illustrations to "Æsop's Fables."

For fifty years Sir John Tenniel has worked for *Punch*, and for nearly forty years (from 1862) he has worked regularly at the weekly cartoons, rarely missing, and then only from illness. It is not easy to over-estimate the importance of Sir John Tenniel's work; his cartoons have never failed to treat political affairs with dignity.

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A Tale of Spoons

1 Mr Peter Thompson, his daughter Lily, & her fiancé, Charlie Snype, await the arrival from Turkey of a Mr Stanley-Robinson who has forwarded a letter of introduction from a mutual friend.

2 Mr Stanley-Robinson sends Osman his Turkish servant in advance, who, for reasons of his own, impersonates his master.

3 Tea is served and Osman makes himself at home.

4 Osman takes advantage of a convenient moment and appropriates the tea spoons

5 Their loss is discovered.

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6 "Police"!!

7 Arrival of Constable A1 who takes down the evidence.

8 And institutes a search.

9 The booty discovered.

10 Charlie Snype arrested, collapse of Lily

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11 The real Stanley-Robinson arrives, and confronts the pretender.

12 Explanations ensue

13 Osman confesses his guilt.

14 On the return of Charlie and the constable, Osman attempts to escape

15 The culprit arrested, Satisfactory "dénouement."

Photographs and Story by Dorothy L. Bacon

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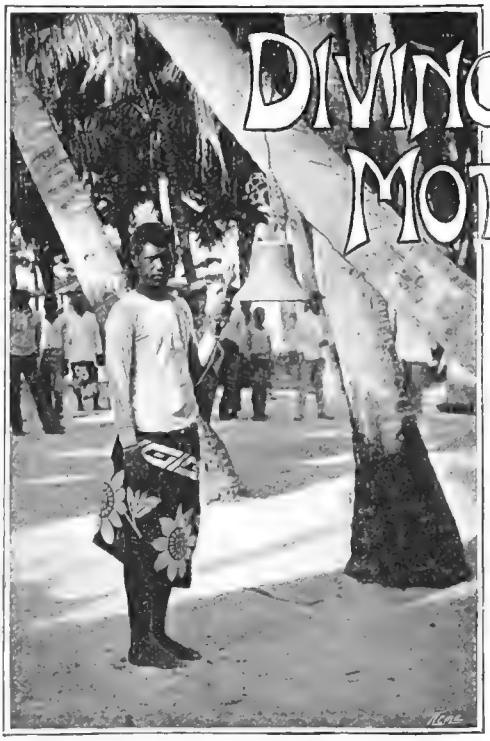

Ringing the divers to work in the early morning.

DIVING FOR MOTHER-O'-PEARL

Written and Illustrated with Photographs

By Edwin Pallander.

Hære rii au i Hikueru é
E foito au i te reni é.
Kanaka Fisher-song.

The first glimpse of the little island of Hikueru is not an impressive one. Like the majority of the Paumotu coral atolls, the land is so low as to be barely discernible at a mile, and invisible at five. A long green band of verdure first rises above the sea-rim, then the yellow line of sand and the reef with its tumbling breakers.

The long-boat puts you ashore. Even here matters do not end satisfactorily, for the slanting beach of coral shallows so gradually that the boat cannot come within more than fifty yards of dry land. Hence—unless you are lucky enough to get carried ashore on the shoulders of a Kanaka—you will be condemned to wade.

Once ashore, a surprise awaits you. Hikueru, at first sight, hardly comes up to one's idea of a cannibal island. The whole place looks disagreeably, aggressively "new." The long rows of wooden diver shanties are sticky with paint, the gaudy print dresses of the women look fresh from the band-box—the very coco palms are young and (we are nearly under the equator) their thin dusty leaves offer little protection from the glare.

The hour for work has struck. The strokes of a bell come sobbingly through the white stems. The bell itself is a quaint concern. It is hung on a sloping palm trunk—a Kanaka in a scarlet pariu (loin-cloth) and a vest strikes it with a wooden mallet.

A short walk of two hundred yards across glaring sand patches brings you to the edge of the lagoon, where the inevitable topic begins to din itself into your ears. Shell—shell—shell. What these worthy folk are fishing for is not the true pearl, but its mother, the large, flat, iridescent shells with the rough black outside cover. Real pearls are, indeed, occasionally found, but the shell is the true article of Paumotu commerce—its value running from £50 to £75 per ton.

What you are witnessing is the genesis of a million shirt-studs. The seasonal output of the island is at present computed at from 1500—2000 tons. Should improvements

Native divers at work.

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be eventually introduced into the working operations it is probable that even a higher figure may be reached.

About a mile or so towards the centre of the lagoon rises a tiny submerged island of coral, just visible as a pink shadow under the blue surface. The edges and caverns of this strange place are choked with pearl-shell. Our mentor beckons to one of the nearer skiffs in which two men are sitting. Will they dive for the gentleman with the camera? They will. The elder of the two, a tall bony Kanaka attired in the sweet simplicity of a short brown rag, rises to his feet, sways and —plump!—over he goes; the neatest header ever witnessed.

And now a full minute has elapsed and we begin to look anxiously at our watches. Seventy seconds, eighty, ninety —a splendid dive that—a hundred, ten, twenty—he must have the lungs of a grampus—thirty —fifty—he's drowned to a certainty. No—all's well; for here he comes, puffing and blowing, with draggled trails of seaweed clinging to his hair, and a black something in his right hand. His assistant splits the something open and discloses two beautiful pearl shells, one of which he holds triumphantly up for our inspection.

Two minutes and a half! A very fair dive that, but not the record by any means. Cases are known where the Hikueru diver has remained under water for the space of *three minutes and a half!* How he does it is only known to himself.

Hikueru produces the very finest quality of black-edged shell known to the Eastern Pacific. Among the other islands noted for productions of a similar variety may be mentioned Mangareva, Fakarava, Rurutu, Makemo, and Rangiroa—the last named being the largest atoll of the archipelago, its lagoon measuring an odd forty miles in diameter.

Once torn from its native rock the preparations the shell undergoes before shipment are simple enough. The inclosed oyster—a hideous, slimy creature large enough to straddle a breakfast saucer—is rudely scooped out with a knife and flung back into the waters of the lagoon, a treatment which is reputed to assist in the fructification of the pearl beds at the bottom. The outside of the shells are then chipped clean of adhering rock or coral, the shells themselves are sorted, weighed and packed in wooden cases for shipment. Pearl-shell is fairly delicate merchandise, and, taking into account the miles of banging and general ill-treatment the cases undergo in those murderous little native schooners, one can hardly wonder at the piles of broken shell littering the warehouses. Mother-o'-pearl would be a very inexpensive article indeed were it not so brittle.

Juvenile mother-o'-pearl divers.

Landing a day's spoil.

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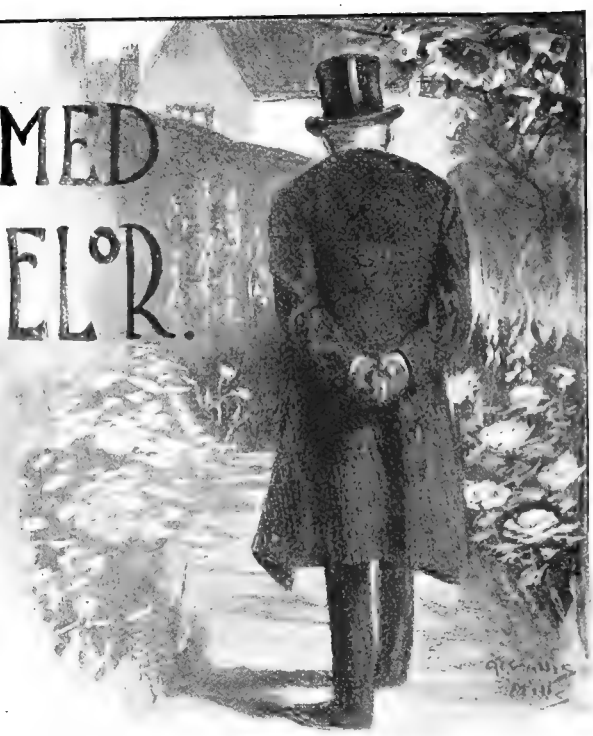
A CONFIRMED OLD BACHELOR.



By L. G. Moberly.

We always knew he was a confirmed old bachelor; my husband and I had made up our minds that there must have been some romance in his youth to account for his having remained unmarried. I never for a moment guessed what the romance was, but we felt that so attractive a man as Mr. Streatham would not be a bachelor at sixty-five unless there was some special reason for it.

He was a very dear friend of ours. Before my marriage he had been an acquaintance only. Afterwards our acquaintance ripened into friendship—warm friendship; and he was constantly at our house. John and I were very fond of him, and our children simply adored him. He was goodness itself to them.

But then he was in every way a generous man. Nobody ever asked him for help in vain; and John has told me of many, many cases in which Mr. Streatham helped some foolish boy out of his difficulties, and set him on his feet again. He was a very tender-hearted person, and misery invariably appealed not only to his heart but to his purse.

Yet I have heard him blamed for not entertaining more largely; and for not keeping a bigger establishment. He was popularly supposed to be exceedingly rich, and our mutual friends often told me that they were quite sure he must be miserly, and that he certainly seemed to hoard his money unnecessarily. Their argument was that, as he had no wife or child, nor apparently any near relations, it would be advisable that he should spend his money during his lifetime. I could never quite understand why his friends should be so desirous of managing his affairs for him. He was eminently capable of looking after them himself.

He was unfailingly good to John and me—too good, I often told him. But he merely smiled when I said that, and told me it was the greatest pleasure he had, to be able to do small things for his friends.

"Small things" meant theatre tickets, concerts, coach drives, restaurant dinners, all the pleasures which we could never have obtained for ourselves. For John and I were struggling folk. We had married young, and married for love, and we had been very happy. But we were not rich, and as the girls and boys grew up, the struggle did not grow easier. If it had not been for Mr. Streatham our children would have had few amusements indeed. He kept my drawing-room fragrant with flowers. Nothing I could say would persuade him to leave off sending me great baskets of delicious, costly blossoms twice a week, and he lavished birthday presents on the children with a reckless generosity, for which I often scolded him.

"You must remember, Mr. Streatham," I said to him once, "that we are bringing the children up to be working men and

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women, and they must not be spoilt now. They will have to rough it in life, and not go through the world receiving beautiful presents."

"Oh! they will have to rough it, will they, Mrs. Meadows?" he said slowly. "Well, then let them enjoy life now." And he smiled, a strange enigmatical smile. I wondered at the time what it meant.

He was the most gentle and courteous of men. There was an old-world flavour about his manners, a deference to women, and a certain old-fashioned stateliness, which formed a delightful contrast to the brusqueness and rudeness of some of the rising generation.

It seemed a grievous pity that he should be living the lonely life of an old bachelor. He was the sort of man who would have made a woman so happy, and whose children would have worshipped him. Yet he was living in rooms—a solitary man, with no joys of home to make his old age bright. The pity of it!—I thought. The pity of it!

And one afternoon I taxed him with it.

We were alone in the drawing-room. It was a June day, warm and sunny. The windows were open, and a little breeze danced in, and ruffled the leaves of the roses in the great bowl on the table. The voices of my girls and boys came up to us from the slip of garden into which the room looked. Somewhere in the distance a barrel organ was audible. A thrush sang in the one lilac bush of which our garden boasted.

"You are very peaceful here," Mr. Streatham said, and I thought he sighed just a little. He was leaning back in the arm-chair. His face was white, and it struck me that he looked old and tired. "It is a very ideal life," he went on, "to have your children growing up round you."

I leant forward impulsively.

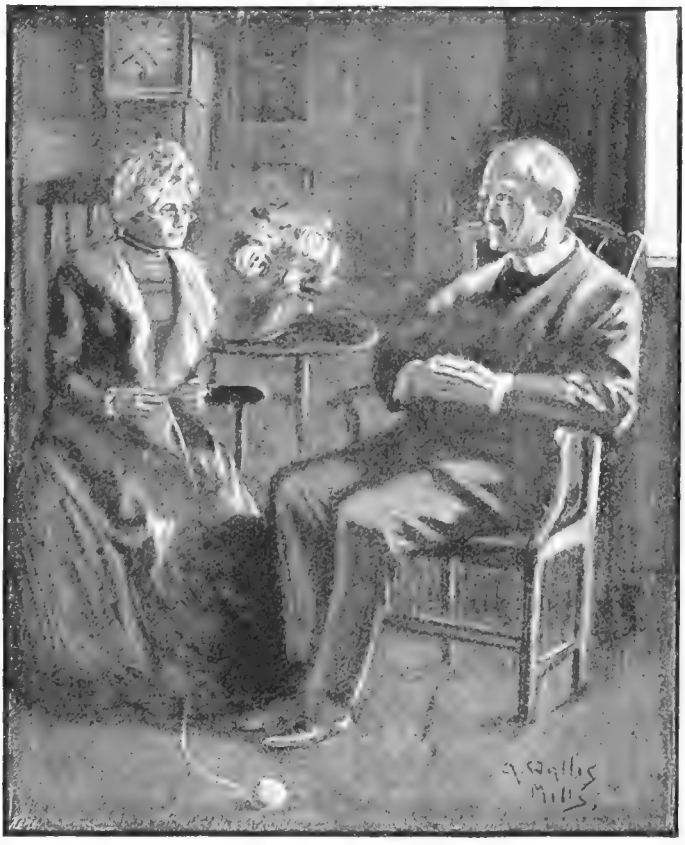
"Oh! Mr. Streatham," I exclaimed, "how I wish you could have had all this too. It is such a pity that you have not a home of your own, and a wife and children," I spoke eagerly. His kindly blue eyes met mine, and he smiled, that same curiously enigmatical smile which I had noticed before. But he did not speak.

"Is it too late?" I said, laying down the sock I was darning, and looking at him earnestly, "is it too late? You would be so happy with a good and a loving woman to take care of you."

"I am afraid—it is a little too late," he said slowly, "I am sixty-five you know."

"But that is not really old," I protested, "and you would make any woman happy. Surely it is not too late—unless—of course—there is some other reason, besides your age."

"There is—another reason," he answered, after a pause, and in the pause I heard the thrush in the lilac bush break forth into a passion of song, "there is a reason. Shall I tell it to you?"



"Oh, they will have to rough it, will they?" he said slowly.

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I nodded without replying. Something in his face gave me a queer, choking feeling in my throat.

"It is not a very new sort of story," he said quietly, and with an attempt at cheerfulness, but his smile gave me a sudden desire to cry, "it is only that I am not—a very good hand at—forgetting—and in my youth—I—was—the wrong man. The woman I—loved—married—the right one. I am thankful to say she is very happy—but——"

"Oh! how could she?" I broke in, "how could she choose someone else when you cared for her?"

"Ah! well—I don't know how it was," he said, with a little whimsical look which I could not interpret, "I am sure she chose the best man—and the man she loved best. When I saw she loved him, I did not urge my cause. I do not think she ever knew I cared."

He lowered his voice a little, and his eyes which had met mine, suddenly shifted and wandered to the glowing loveliness of the roses on the table.

"It was in this way," he went on dreamily. "We were all in the country at the time—a big house party. I had known—her—in town. I loved her the first night I ever saw her—at a great dance in the house of a mutual friend."

"Was she so lovely?" I asked.

"Very lovely. She was the loveliest woman I had ever seen," he answered softly.

I wondered vaguely whether I had ever seen this lovely lady, and thinking over all the people known to us, as well as to Mr. Streatham, I could not recall one who would answer to his description; but, naturally, I did not know all his friends.

"After that dance," he continued, "I saw her often, and then we were both at the house of which I spoke. It was spring time. The woods were carpeted with primroses, the blackthorn was white in the hedges; the thrushes sang as the thrush is singing in your garden to-day."

He paused for a moment, and a far-away look came into his eyes. I, too, felt as though I were being carried back to my own past, for it was in springtime, when the copses were starry with primroses, and the thrushes sang of love, that John asked me to be his wife!

"I shall never forget those days," he went on, and I woke from my own dreams with a start, "and it is because I never forget them that I have become a stupid old bachelor." He tried again to smile, but there was a pathos in his smile that made me want to cry.

"She never cared for *me*, Mrs. Meadows—never looked upon me as more than the acquaintance of an hour, even though I worshipped the ground she walked upon. ("Stupid woman!" I thought to myself,) There was always somebody else, from the very beginning. But I could no more help loving her than I could help rejoicing in the sunshine and the springtime, and the song of the thrush. It was joy to be able to wait upon her sometimes—to hear her voice, and watch her face. But she never knew—she never knew."

"What a singularly obtuse woman she must have been!" my thoughts ran. But aloud I said:

"It seems such a pity. Perhaps, after all, if you had spoken you might have won her."

He shook his head.

"No; it was always the other man; a better fellow than he is does not exist. If anyone was ever worthy of her, he was."

"What a lucky woman she has been," I said, "to have won the love of two such men, and what a sweet woman she must have been—though dense," I added mentally.

"There is no one like her," he said emphatically, "and because she has not her counterpart I am—a confirmed old bachelor. For her sake I reverence every woman. She is my ideal of all that is most noble and womanly."

"It must be beautiful to be that," I exclaimed. "Oh! she is a very lucky woman."

"I think it is I who am lucky to have known and loved her," he said in his courtly fashion.

"And do you ever see her now?" I asked. "Oh! you must forgive my impertinent curiosity, but your story is so beautiful—it takes one out of this matter of fact, sordid life."

"You are not impertinent," he said, and his smile was charming. "Yes, I often see her, and she is still my ideal woman."

When I told John about that conversation he smiled.

"Dear old chap," he said, "I always thought there must be something to account for his bachelor existence. I wonder who the woman is? Someone we all knew when we were young, I suppose, though of course Streatham was only an acquaintance of yours and mine before we married."

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It was in springtime that John asked me to be his wife.

It was only a very short time after my conversation with Mr. Streatham that we heard he was ill. At first it seemed to be nothing serious, but he became worse with startling rapidity, and one hot July evening his old butler came round to me in terrible distress. His old master was dying, he said, and he was calling for me—would I come? Of course John and I went off to his rooms immediately, and directly I saw our old friend I knew that he was drawing very close to the Valley of the Shadow. When I knelt down beside him, he opened his eyes suddenly, and looked into my face with a smile.

"Would you mind," he whispered, "would you mind giving me a kiss—just once—even though I was the wrong man?"

I stooped over him, and kissed him gently, and he smiled again radiantly.

"It was because of her"—his voice grew fainter—he seemed to be growing unconscious once more—"that—I—am a confirmed—old—bachelor." He looked full into my face again. "Good night—my—sweet."

His eyes closed—I thought he had fallen asleep—but it was the sleep from which our dear old friend would never wake again, and I turned away, my eyes blinded with tears.

"I believe he mistook me for the woman he loved," I said to John. "I wish *she* could have come to him."

And she *had* come to him! A great surprise awaited me. By Mr. Streatham's will every atom of property of which he died possessed was left to *me* and to my children. When I was first told of it, I could not believe it, but the simple words of the will left no room for doubt.

"I give and bequeath my whole property, real and personal, to Mrs. John Meadows, the only woman I have ever loved." When I read those words I sat down and sobbed helplessly, whilst John said very gently:

"Dear old chap, he kept his secret well, even when he was telling you his own story. So after all it was my wife who was his ideal woman. God bless her!"

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SINGING IN TWENTY LANGUAGES

By
M. Dinorben Griffith.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Miss Viva Cummins Doan, the Race Impersonator.

Miss Viva Cummins Doan, the Race Impersonator, was born in Sacramento City, California; she was an only child, and her talents are evidently inherited. Both her parents were musical, her mother well known as a composer, and her father — the late Professor Cummins, who died at the early age of thirty-nine — was, notwithstanding his extreme youth, a famous philologist, conversant with sixty different languages and dialects.

When very small, Viva loved to drape herself in shawls, or dress up in any garment that looked to her like fancy dress, covering her tiny arms, neck, and hair with all kinds of gew-gaws and barbaric ornaments from the many curios in her father's possession.

On one of these occasions a photograph was taken of her, and was on view at Taber's studio in San Francisco. General Grant, who happened to be staying in the town, took a great fancy to it, and said: "I will buy the picture if you can get me the child's autograph on the back of it. She was not much more than a baby, but looked about nine as she was represented reclining on a couch covered with a tiger skin —the dimpled bare limbs visible through the long fringe of a beautiful white shawl in which she had draped herself—decorated with anklets of gold, bracelets, and necklaces of beads, the loose hair crowned with an oriental bangle, and the hands holding peacock's feathers. This picture has often been reproduced in American magazines. General Grant obtained the autograph, but not for some time, for writing was not then one of Viva's accomplishments, but she succeeded after many trials in printing her name, and the signature appeared to her quite a work of art.

Miss Doan as a squaw, leaning over her papoose, and imploring the "Great Spirit" on its behalf.

Among the most interesting impersonations given by Miss Doan are the Iroquois brave, the young Sioux maiden, and squaw, Mohammedan priest, Hindoo woman, Arab maid, and Javanese and Hungarian types.

During the World's Fair in Chicago, Miss Doan had splendid opportunities for racial studies. She watched the Pah-Ute Indian braves on

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pay-day at Buffalo Bill's show, and observed that as the chiefs filed by, one by one, dignified and calm, to receive their money, the women crooned a strange recitative which extolled the appearance, the manly and warlike qualities of the braves, and their heroic deeds.

It was a novel form of advertising, and proves that even a conquered tribe of Nevada Indians understands the value of *réclame*. This particular tribe lived about half a mile from a town, and the men were noted as being inveterate gamblers, but possessed one or two redeeming qualities, among which were kindness to their women folk and honesty.

Miss Doan as a Spanish dancer.

In the typical position of a Hindoo when reciting his prayers.

Singing a Javanese song——

——with characteristic gestures.

"I was a frequent visitor," said Miss Doan, "at the quarters of an Iroquois tribe, the chiefs of which were 'Big Thunder' and his son, 'Little Big Thunder.' It was not very long before I could understand their language, and while sitting round the camp fires at night I learnt the chant of the young Cherokee brave when he has taken his first scalp, and the plaintive love song; when thus qualified he holds out his blanket and intreats his love to come to his side. If the maid accedes to his request, it is equivalent to an acceptance on her part to a proposal of marriage.

"'Little Big Thunder' was a long time teaching this song, and when it was learnt, he asked his pupil to become his bride, as she was 'just the girl for him.' To his great surprise and no little anger, the flattering offer was firmly declined. 'Little Big Thunder' was persistent, and the wooed white girl had to fly hurriedly. The noble chief was not difficult to console, and soon found that a copper complexion was almost as pretty as white. As a token of his forgiveness he presented his pupil with an Iroquois chief's full dress, and all the appendages and ornaments."

Very successful is her conception of a squaw carrying her papoose on her back, or leaning over it imploring the protection of the "Great Spirit" for the little one, or hushing

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it to sleep with a lullaby that would be a delightful addition to any collection of cradle songs.

Each dress worn in each character is absolutely correct. Either they have been locally made by, or purchased from, the natives of the various countries from which she selects a type for an impersonation, or they have been presented to her by the original owners.

"The necklace worn with the Indian costume," explained the lady, "I value very much; it has come from Alaska, two thousand miles inland, and is composed of bear and seal claws, alternating with the teeth of the walrus, elk, and sea lion. The elk teeth are the most valuable, as each animal has only two of the kind represented in my necklace, and by some tribes they are used as money, each tooth representing about four shillings. This ornament was the property of a famous chief, and was jealously guarded as the principal jewel of his primitive regalia."

Sioux Indian manner of carrying the papoose.

Questioned regarding a curiously carved snake ring, Miss Doan said: "It was a souvenir of a visit to Alaska in 1892. I was among the splendid Indians that Duncan settled at the mission of Metbakatla. The squaws came out to welcome us, carrying garlands of spring flowers. Their general appearance and their manners were alike charming. One very pretty girl was wearing this ring, and I badly wanted it, but it was a token from her sweetheart, a clever young silversmith, who made all kinds of pretty jewellery from silver coins. After some days, friendship —backed by money—prevailed, and that ring became mine."

Two typical poses of a Hungarian csada.

"The Muezzin," the Mahommedan call to prayer.

The bracelet of beads sewn on leather is a medicine man's charm supposed to have the power of keeping off all the "ills that the flesh is heir to," and the beaded bag worn in her interpretation of the Indian woman was a present from a Canadian Indian.

Miss Cummins Doan found the Javanese, of all the races she studied, the most difficult character to learn. For days and days she brought every influence she could exert to bear upon the manager of that section of the World's Fair. "I want to learn some of their songs and dances," she explained, "simply for stage purposes." The man sniffed contemptuously, "*You* learn their songs and dances? Well, you can go in and see them, but I will not have their rehearsals and exhibition performances interfered with. You are only wasting your time."

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Miss Doan in the part of a Bedouin woman playing the Darrabukeh.

best, had been fitted out with a costume, taught a dance or two, the gestures and positions of which seemed absolutely a copy of the Egyptian. She was initiated into the mystery of the head dress, a most intricate decoration, which she succeeded in purchasing from a Javanese beauty for several gold coins, and was also presented with a gold chain as a souvenir of friendship.

"The preparation for my race impersonations has taken up about six years," said Miss Cummins Doan, "and this notwithstanding the assistance I derived from my peculiarly advantageous home training. My love for languages is hereditary on both sides, for my mother was always speaking to me of an uncle of hers on her mother's side. He was Captain William Mitchell, of Bordeaux, France, who spoke fluently thirteen languages."

Miss Cummins Doan's list of friends was long and varied. Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-scout, was a great admirer of her talents, and was present at one of her first entertainments.

A Brahmin Pundit helped her greatly with one or two of his studies, but his instruction was somewhat mixed up with his domestic infelicity. With the wisdom of the wise he had married three wives, and thought that his happiness and comfort were secure.

The first was chosen because she would be a good companion, the second for her beauty, and the third because she was a good housewife. Alas for the fallacy of human wisdom. Number one contradicted him on every point. "What man could stand that?" said Miss Doan sympathetically. Number two was a scold, and number three a fool.

I was anxious to know if this was preliminary to choosing number four, but was promptly told that had nothing to do with the article.

One of the most realistic and wonderful performances of this little lady's is the Mahommedan call to prayer. It was taught her by a native second lieutenant in the Anglo-Egyptian army who had been banished from Egypt for political reasons.

Singing the praises of an Arab horse.

Playing the Arab *segats* or metal castanets.

As a Hindoo youth playing the *sitar*.

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An Indian in war paint on the war-path.

band chimed in. These Indian characters are eminently realistic.

The Bedouin costume was made by an Arab girl, Nazireh, who became very attached to Miss Doan. The Turkish Commissioner to the Chicago Exhibition, a very learned and courteous man, was much interested in Miss Doan's "craze"—as most people called it—and gave her every facility for learning Turkish and Arabic songs.

"The metal drum I use, as the Arab woman, is called by them *Darra bukeh*, and the metal castanets or *sagats* were bought for me in Egypt, and are veritable antiques. As the Hindoo youth I play that historic instrument, the *sitar*."

"Little Big Thunder," whose story may be read in this article.

Miss Cummins Doan finally told me that her idea in preparing her impersonations was that the delight she experienced in the study of the racial peculiarities, dress, music, and language, might be given to others in a series of living pictures, accompanied when suitable by the speech, dancing, or music, both vocal and instrumental, associated with each individual type.

His grandfather had chanted the "Muezzin" at the Khedival Palace all his life. "The young officer was pardoned soon after," added Miss Doan, "became first lieutenant, and greatly distinguished himself at Omdurman."

The first appearance of the Race Impersonator was at "The Grand Opera House," the largest theatre at San Francisco. The novel entertainment was a great success. Asked if that had always been her experience, she said no. Once she was engaged to give an entertainment, for children principally, but the moment she appeared as an Indian Chief the children rose *en masse* and wanted to run away.

There is an amusing story about her appearance in this character. At a large music hall in America she arranged a series of character tableaux with music. The band played a weird prelude, and the curtain rose slowly, revealing a forest scene. A dusky figure glided from tree to tree, breathlessly watched; at last, with one noiseless bound it reached the footlights, and bent over the conductor tomahawk in hand. Then a few seconds after stood upright with an ear-piercing yell, holding aloft in one hand a scalp, and in the other the weapon. The poor conductor nervously smiled and rubbed his bald head, whilst the audience roared their delight and the

Miss Doan singing an Indian scalping song——

—— And in the typical posture of an Indian "brave."

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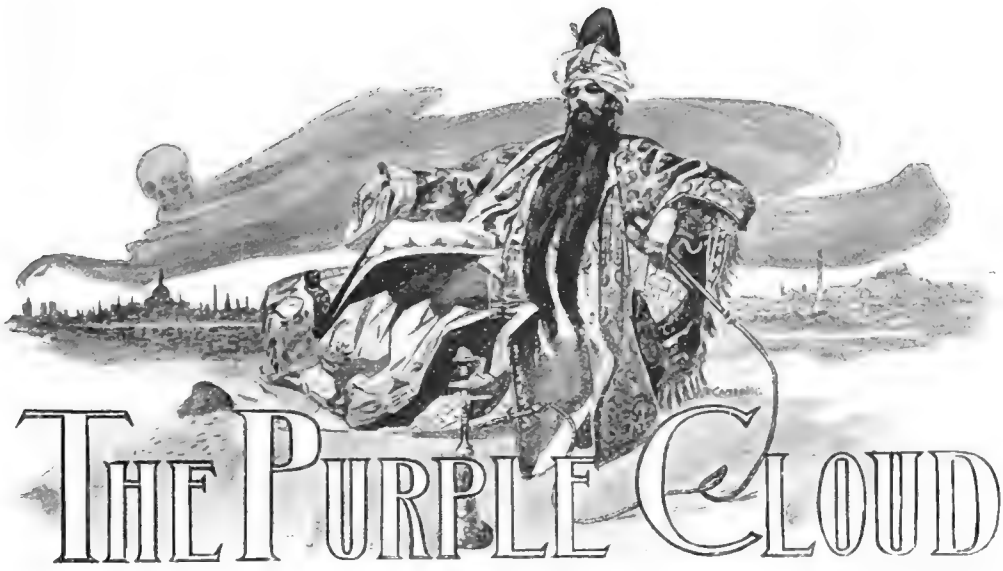

THE PURPLE CLOUD

By M. P. Shiel.

SYNOPSIS.

A millionaire has left a fortune to the first man who reaches the North Pole. In spite of the warning of a preacher that misfortune will happen to the earth if the Pole is reached, a great expedition is prepared. In order that her *fiancé*, Adam Jeffson, may take the place of her nephew, who was a member of the expedition, the Countess Clodagh poisons the latter. Jeffson, the narrator, after killing his five companions, reaches the Pole alone. Then, seized with a strange terror, retraces his steps.

III.

I continued my lonely way south through the desert ice with a great terror in my heart; for very fearful is the burden of that vast Arctic solitude upon one poor human soul.

Sometimes, on a halt, I have lain and listened long to the hollow silence of the Pole, with a shrinking awe, hoping, hoping that at least one of the dogs might bark. I have even crept shivering from the thawing sleeping-bag to flog a dog, so that I might hear a sound.

I had started from the Pole with a well-freighted sledge, and with the sixteen dogs left alive from the ice-packing which had buried my comrades. This was on the evening of April 13th. I had saved from the wreck of our things most of the pemmican, whey-powder, etc., as well as the theodolite, compass, chronometer, train-oil lamp for cooking, and other implements. I was, therefore, in no doubt as to my course, and I had provisions for ninety days. But ten days from the start my supply of dog-food failed, and I had to begin to slaughter my only companions, one by one.

In the third week the ice became terribly rough, and, with moil and toil enough to wear a bear to death, I did only five miles a day. After the day's work I would crawl with a dying sigh into my bag, clad still in the load of skins which stuck to me a mere filth of grease, to sleep the sleep of a swine, careless if I never woke.

Always—day after day—on the southern horizon brooded sullenly that curious stretched-out region of purple vapour, like the smoke of the conflagration of the world. And I noticed that its length constantly reached out and out, and silently grew.

Once I had a very pleasant dream. I dreamt that I was in a garden—an Arabian paradise—so sweet was the perfume. All the time, however, in the dream, I had a subconsciousness of the gale which was actually blowing from the S.E. over the ice, and, at the moment when I woke, was half-wittedly droning to myself: "It is a garden of Peaches; but I am not really in the garden; I am on the Ice; only, the S.E. storm is wafting to me the aroma of this garden of Peaches."

I opened my eyes, I started, I sprang to my feet, for, miracle of miracles—there could be no doubt of it—an actual aroma like peach blossoms *was* in the air about me.

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Before I could collect my astonished senses, I was violently ill, and at the same time I saw some of the dogs, mere skeletons as they now were, in the throes of death. For a long while I lay very sick in a kind of doze, and, on rising, found two of the dogs dead, and all very queer. The wind had now changed to the north-west. I went staggering on my weary way. This odour of peach blossoms, my sickness, and the death of the dogs, remained a wonder to me.

Two days later, to my extreme mystification and joy, I came across a bear and its cub lying dead at the foot of a hummock. I allowed the six dogs a glorious feed on the blubber, and I myself had a great banquet with the fresh meat. But again and again I found myself asking: "What can have killed these two bears?"

On I trudged with brutish stolidness, almost like a machine, sometimes nodding in sleep while I helped the dogs tug and manœuvre the sledge over an ice-ridge. On the 3rd of June, a month and a half from my start, I took an observation with the theodolite. I was not yet 400 miles from the Pole in latitude 84° 50′. It was just as though some Will was obstructing and retarding me.

However, the intolerable cold was over, and soon my clothes no longer hung stark upon me like armour. Pools appeared on the ice, and presently, what was worse, long lanes, across which, somehow, I had to get the sledge. About the same time all fear of starvation passed away. I began to come across, not bears only, but fulmars, guillemots, snipes, Ross's gulls, little auks—and all, all, lying dead on the ice. And never anywhere a living thing, save me and the two remaining dogs.

If ever a poor man stood shocked before a mystery it was I now. I had a big fear on my heart.

On the 2nd of July the ice began packing dangerously, and soon another storm broke loose upon me from the S.W. I broke off my trek, and put up the silk tent. And again—for the second time—as I lay down, I smelled that delightful odour of peach-blossoms, a mere whiff of it, and presently afterwards I was taken sick. However, it soon passed off. Now it was all lanes, lanes, yet no open water, and such was the difficulty and woe of my life, that sometimes I would drop on the ice and sob: "Oh, no more, no more—here let me die." The crossing of a lane might occupy ten or twelve entire hours, and then, on the other side, I might find another opening right before me. On the 8th of July one of the dogs, after a feed on blubber, suddenly died; and there was left me only "Reinhardt," a white-haired Siberian dog, with little, pert, upsticking ears. Him, too, I had to kill on coming to open water.

This did not happen till the 3rd August, nearly four months after my start from the Pole. I had known from the look of the sky, and the absence of fresh-water ice, that the sea was near, and had spent three days in repairing my battered kayak. On resuming my way, I sighted far off a streaked haze, which I knew to be the basalt cliffs of Franz Josef Land. In a craziness of joy I stood there, waving my ski-staff about my head with the feeble cheers of a very old man.

In four days this land was visibly near, and soon I arrived at the edge of the pack-ice. I killed "Reinhardt." I put the last of the provisions and some of my implements into the kayak, and, with my little lug-sail spread, went coasting along the shore-ice. Low on the horizon loomed the red blurr of the midnight sun, as my skiff lightly chopped her way through this silent sea. Silent, silent: for neither snort of walrus, nor yelp of fox, nor cry of startled kittiwake did I hear; but all was as still as the shadow of the cliffs on the sea; and many bodies of dead things strewed the surface of the water.

* * * * *

When my feet at last touched land, I sat down a long, long time in the snow, and sweetly wept. My eyes were like a fountain of tears. For the firm land is health and sanity, and dear to the heart of man; but the great ungenial ice is like a nightmare, and a blasphemy, and a madness, and the realm of the Power of Darkness.

* * * * *

I knew that I was at Franz Josef Land, in the neighbourhood of Cape Fligely (about 82° N.). Though it was so late, and already getting cold, I still had the hope of reaching Spitzbergen that year, by alternately sailing all open water, and dragging the kayak over the slack drift-ice. All the ice I could see was good flat fjord-ice, and the plan seemed feasible; so that after three day's rest, I stocked the kayak with what artificial food was left, and with bear and walrus flesh; and I set out, coasting with sail and paddle by the shore-ice. But I had not gone far when a strong tempest overtook me from the north. My sail was snatched away, my kayak upset, and I only saved it by chancing to be near a floe with an "ice-foot," which, projecting under the water, gave me foot-hold. I lay

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on the floe in a faint a whole night under the storm, for I was half drowned.

And at once, on recovering myself, I abandoned all thought of whalers, and of Europe, for that year. Happily my instruments, etc., had been saved by the kayak-deck.

* * * * *

I built myself a semi-subterranean Esquimeau den near the shore for the long Polar night. The roof of walrus-hide was soon buried under snow and ice, and hardly distinguishable from the general level of the white-clad ground; the entrance was a passage through which I crawled on hands and knees. Here mostly sitting in a cowering attitude, I wintered, harkening to the large and windy ravings of darkling December storms above me.

Blubber served me both for fuel and light. Food I had in plenty by merely stretching out the hand.

Around me lay bears, walruses, foxes, and thousands upon thousands of little auks, kittiwakes, snow-owls, eider-ducks — all dead. The only living things I saw were some walruses on the drift-floes, but very few compared with the number I expected to see. It was clear to me that some undreamable catastrophe had overtaken the island during the summer, destroying all the life about it, except some few of the amphibians.

Here, mostly sitting in a cowering attitude, I wintered.

On the 5th of December, during a southern storm, I had for the third time a distinct whiff of that self-same aroma of peach-blossom, but this time without any after-effects.

* * * * *

Again came Christmas, the New Year, Spring. I set out with a well-stocked kayak. The water was fairly open, and the ice so good that at one place I could sail the kayak over it, the wind sending me sliding at a fine pace. Toward the end of my first day out I noticed a large flat floe, presenting far off a singular and lovely sight, for it seemed freighted thick with a profusion of pink and white roses, showing in its clear crystal the empurpled reflection. On getting near I saw that it was covered with millions of Ross's gulls, all dead, whose pretty rosy bosoms had given it that appearance.

From the 22nd of May, when I set out, to the 29th of June, I made good progress southward and westward, sometimes meeting dead bears floating away on floes, sometimes dead and living walrus-herds. On that last day—the 29th of June—I was about to encamp on a floe near midnight, when, happening to look toward the sun, my eye fell, far away south across the floes, upon something—*the masts of a ship!*

My heart set to beating in my bosom as though I must surely die, and, feebly waving my broad kayak-oar of cane round my head, I staggered to my knees, and toppled flat with wry mouth upon the ice.

The hope of regaining semblance to a human being, of once more springing, like the beasts of Circe, from a walrus into a man, was overpoweringly sweet. At this time I was tearing my bear's-meat just like a bear; I was washing my hands in walrus-blood to produce a glairy sort of pink cleanliness, in place of the thick black grease which coated them.

Worn as I was, I set out at once for that ship, and I had not got half-way, when, to my indescribable joy, I recognised in her the *Boreal*. She must have forced her way thus far west, I concluded, out of the ice-block in which our party had left her, and perhaps now was loitering here in the hope of picking us up.

But she was in a queer state—that I soon perceived. Two of the wind-mill arms were

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missing. A boat hung askew half over her side. Her main-sail and foremast square-sail were set, and about ten in the morning, as I drew nearer, I saw that these were all in tatters. She was not anchored, though a sheet-anchor hung over at the cathead; she was not moored; and two small ice-floes, one on each side, were sluggishly bombarding her bows.

Nearer, with panting impatience, I drew. I began to wave the paddle. I could distinctly see someone at the bows, leaning over, looking my way. I thought it was Burns. I began a wild shouting. "Hi! Burns! Hallo! Hi!" I called.

I did not see him move. I was still a good way off. There he stood, leaning steadily over, looking my way. I dug the paddle deep into the smooth water. I was ten times frantic with excitement, with a maniac haste, I was crazily shouting: "Hullo! Hi! Victory! *I have been to the Pole . . !*"

Nearer still I drew. I was half a mile away—I was fifty yards. But on board the *Boreal* I perceived no movement of welcome. All was still; only the ragged sails flapped. One on each side, those two ice-floes sluggishly bombarded the bow with hollow sounds.

I was certain now that Burns it was who looked across the ice; but when the ship swung a little round, I noticed that the direction of his gaze was carried with her movement. He was no longer looking my way.

"Hi, Burns!" I cried. "Why, Burns, man . . !" I whined.

Even as I cried and whined, a hideous certainty filled my spirit; for an aroma, like peach-blossoms, was wafted from the ship upon my senses, and at that instant I knew—I felt—that those eye-balls of Burns were seeing *nothing*—that on the *Boreal* were only dead men. And now, again, my wretched body failed, and my head dropped forward on the kayak's deck.

* * * * *

They had died, it seemed, very suddenly, for nearly all the twelve were in poses of activity. Egan was in the very act of ascending the companion-way; Lamburn was sitting in the chart-room door, apparently cleaning two carbines; Brown seemed to be drawing on a pair of reindeer *komagar* in the cabin; and Cartwright, who was often in liquor, had his arms frozen tight round the neck of Wallis, they two lying stark together at the foot of the mizzen-mast.

Over all—over men, decks, ropes—in the cabin, in the engine-room, between the leaves of the skylight, on every shelf, in every cranny—lay a purple-brownish dust, very fine and impalpable. And steadily reigning throughout the ship, like the very spirit of Death, was that aroma of peach-blossom.

Here it had reigned, as I saw from the log and the condition of the bodies, for over a year. It was therefore mainly by the random workings of wind and current that this fragrant ship of death had been brought to me.

And this was the first direct intimation which I had, that the Unseen Powers who, all through the history of the world, had been so very, very careful to conceal their Hand from the eyes of men, no longer intended to be at the pains to conceal their Hand from *me*. It was just as though the *Boreal* had been openly presented to me by a spiritual Agency, which, though I did not *see* it, I could readily apprehend.

The first thing I did, after running over the ship, was to examine the dust, which lay thickly below decks and thinly above. On recognising the odour, I had approached the *Boreal* very warily, watching at each paddle-stroke its effect upon my own body; but nothing now happened to me, and I had climbed on deck.

An odour of peach-blossoms in the air resulting in death could only be connected, as I, of course, knew very well, with some vaporous effluvium of cyanogen or of hydrocyanic acid (commonly called "prussic" acid), or both. And, on examining some of the dust under the chart-room microscope, I was not therefore surprised to find among the general mass of purple-brownish ash a number of bright yellow particles, which could only be minute crystals of potassic ferrocyanide.

I had neither the means nor the force of mind to dive then further into the natural mystery that lay before me. I saw only that, by some mighty means, the air south of the region round the Pole had been impregnated with a vapour which was either cyanogen, or some product of cyanogen; also that this vapour of death (which is very soluble) had been by now dissolved by the sea, or otherwise dispersed, leaving only its faint afterperfume. And seeing this, I let my abandoned head drop on the table, and a long time I sat there staring mad; for I had a suspicion—and a fear—in my breast.

* * * * *

The *Boreal*, I found, contained enough provisions to last me, probably, fifty years. And when I saw this, I laid the twelve dead

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together in the chart-room, I hoisted the poor little kayak, which had served me through so many tribulations, and I descended to the engine-room. The screws of the *Boreal*, like those of most modern ships, were driven by the simple contrivance of a constant stream of liquid air exploding through a turbine; it was therefore the easiest thing in the world for one man to take her round the earth, since she moved on the turning of a steel spigot. I had tanks of liquid air sufficient to last me through twelve years' voyaging, and there was a machine on board for making it.

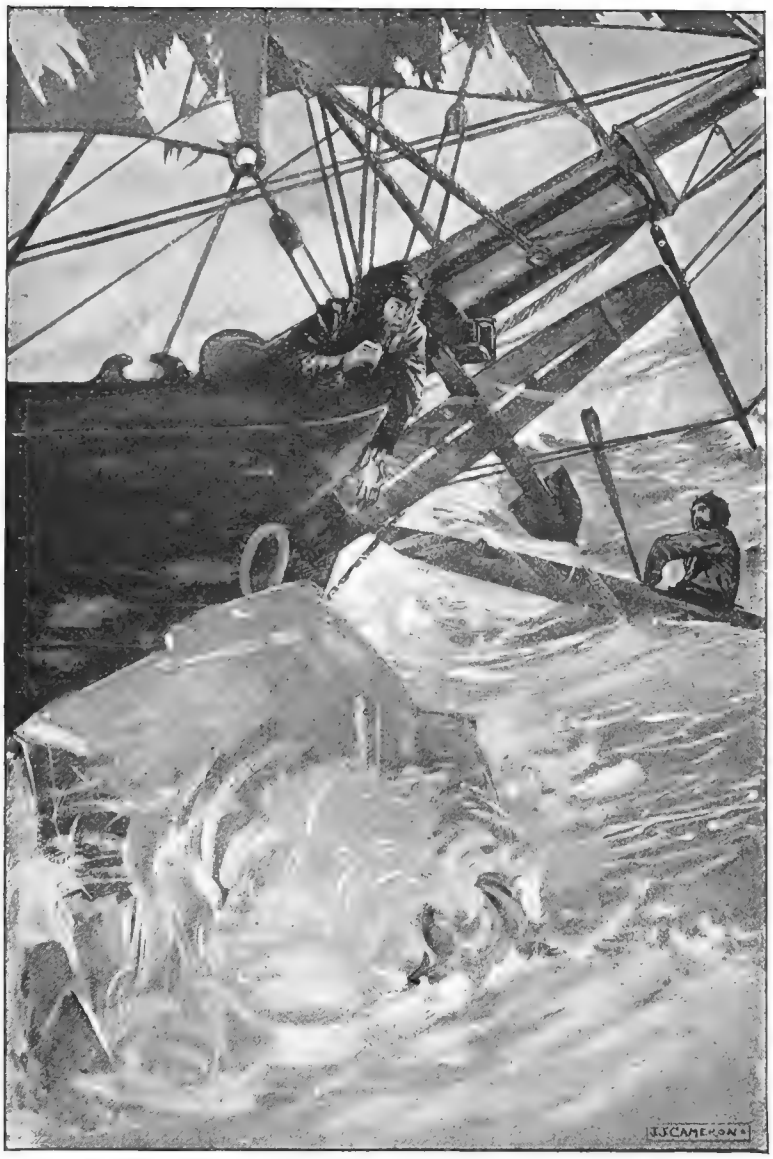
The ice here was very slack, the weather being bright, and the thermometer at 41°. I found that I was mid-way between Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen, in longitude 39°, and latitude 78° 23′. After two days, when the filth of fifteen months had been partially scrubbed and boiled from my skin, and my body solaced with better food, I stood at the wheel as the long-silent screws began to churn the Arctic sea.

The bows of the *Boreal* turned southward.

* * * *

When I needed sleep, the ship slept too; when I awoke she continued her way.

On the fifth day I sighted a whaler, and with beating, impatient heart bore down upon her. But I knew, even as I hailed and shouted, that I shouted in vain. She *looked* like a ship of death—her boom slamming to port and starboard as she rocked, and her foresail reefed that calm morning. I boarded her in the kayak, and found fifty-nine dead persons—one of them a young boy in the fo'castle, in his hand being a bottle of rum under all the clothes of a chest, over which he was kneeling; he, at the



"Hi, Burns!" I cried. "Why, Burns, man!" I whined.

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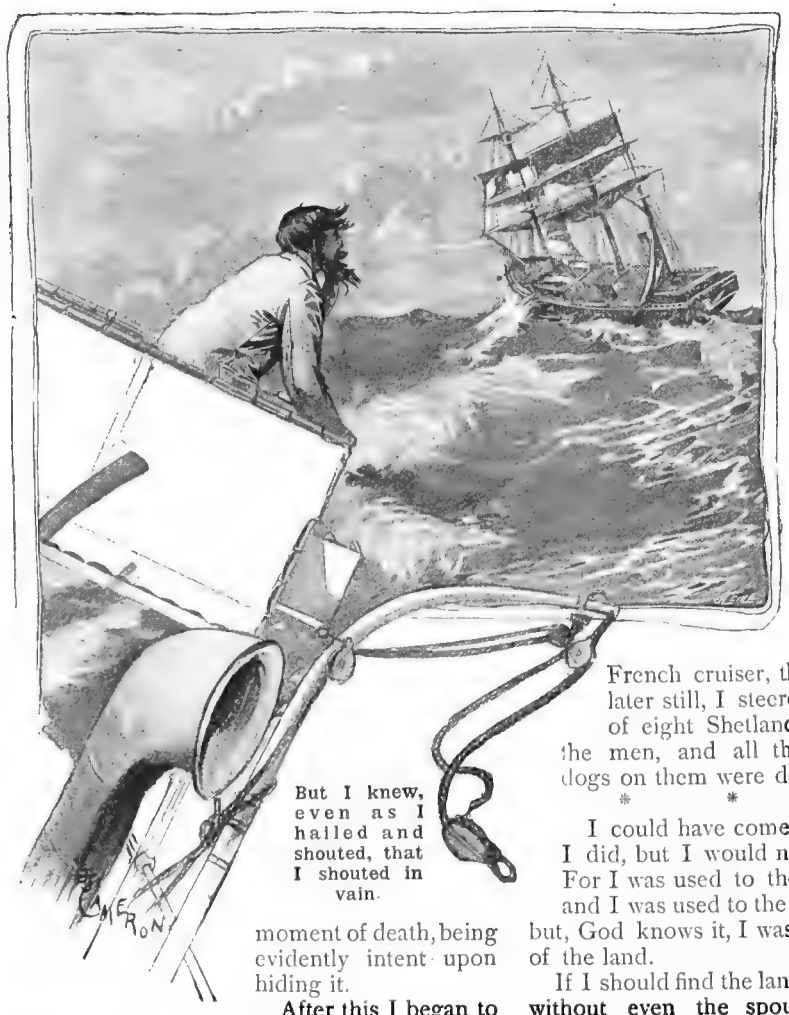

But I knew, even as I hailed and shouted, that I shouted in vain.

moment of death, being evidently intent upon hiding it.

After this I began to sight ships not infrequently, and soon I ceased to board them, the spy-glass showing me that no life was on them. That suspicion which I had, and that fear, grew very heavy upon me.

Sometimes I would see a whale spouting afar on the sea, of the spear-mouth of a narwhal, or a herd of tumbling sea-hogs; and I would say bitterly to myself: "Ah, well, I am not alone—not quite alone—in the world."

On, day after day, I went southward, standing like a sentinel at my wheel, the sun bright around me by day, and glowering upon me by midnight. I reached latitude 72°. And now, even while a few ice-floes still surrounded me, I was just like some adventurous mariner who, having set out to search for Eden and the Blessed Isles, finds them, and balmy gales from their gardens come out to meet him with perfumes. I had now reached a zone where the peach-blossom aroma was constant. All the world seemed embalmed in its spicy fragrance; and I could imagine myself voyaging toward some unknown clime of perpetual and enchanting spring.

Soon I began to see around me many kinds of craft. I passed, near lat. 67°, through a whole fleet of Brittany cod-fishers; later, I boarded a big French cruiser, the *Lazare Treport*; later still, I steered close by a group of eight Shetland "sixerns"; but all the men, and all the boys, and all the dogs on them were dead.

* * * *

I could have come to land long before I did, but I would not—I was so afraid. For I was used to the silence of the ice, and I was used to the silence of the ocean; but, God knows it, I was afraid of the silence of the land.

If I should find the land as still as the sea—without even the spouting whale or the tumbling sea-hog there—if Paris were dumber than the Eternal Ice—then what, I asked myself, should I do?

I could have made short work, and landed at Shetland, but I would not; I was so afraid. I preferred to try first a foreign land.

Down the Norway coast, with a slow dallying reluctance, I moved. In lat. 68°, as I knew from the chart, I ought to sight the lighthouse light on Moskenaes Island. But I passed close, and, oh, my God! it was not there. And all the way down I saw the bold and rugged sea-board slumber darkling afar, with never one friendly light.

On the 10th of August I passed into Trondheim Fjord. It was near sunset—a benign Autumn evening, strongly spiced with the peach-blossom scent. Even as I steered my slow way up I had the glass at my eyes,

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watching the quiet cliffs. There I saw perched the homely *burg*, the little low-roofed cottage; but around them not one movement of life. And suddenly I became conscious that, mingling with that delicious odour of peaches, there was *another* odour, wafted to me on the wings of the land breezes. I knew it well; it was the odour of corruption.

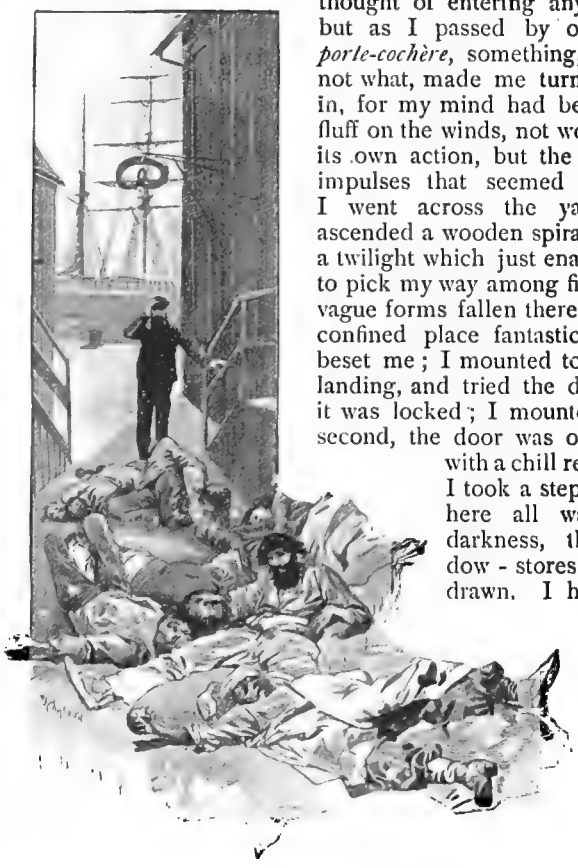
I left the *Boreal* in the calm bay, and, with desperate heart, landed. Familiar as I now am with the sight which met me in the little town of Trondheim, I can never, never forget that first horror. It was a town full of dead. The country people around seemed, for some reason, to have flocked into it to die; and I saw, too, corpses which I could not believe to be those of Norwegians; some seemed like Latins—Spaniards or Italians—and I noticed four Magyars, two negroes, and two turbaned Moors. I concluded that there must have been a wild stampede westward and northward of the races of the world.

* * * *

I felt, I felt that in this townlet, save the water-gnats of Norway, was no living thing; that the savour of eternity filled and wrapped, and embalmed it.

The houses are mostly of wood, some of them fairly large; with a *porte-cochère* leading into a semi-circular yard, around which the building stands very steep-roofed and shingled, in view of the heavy snow-masses of winter. Glancing into one open casement near the ground, I saw an aged woman, stout and capped, lie on her face before a very large porcelain stove; but I passed on without stoppage, traversed several streets, and came out, as it became dark, upon a piece of grassland leading downward to a mountain gorge. It was some distance along this gorge that I found myself sitting the next morning, and how and what trance I passed that whole night is obliterated from my consciousness. When I looked about with the return of light I saw majestic fir-grown mountains on either hand, almost meeting overhead at some points, deeply shading the mossy gorge. I rose, and, careless of direction, went still onward, and walked, and walked for hours, unconscious of hunger; there was a profusion of wild mountain strawberries, very tiny, which must grow almost into winter, a few of which I ate; there were everywhere blue gentianellens and lilies of the valley, and luxuriance of verdure, and a noise of waters. Occasionally I saw little cataracts on high, fluttering like white, wild rags, for they broke in the mid-fall, and were caught away and scattered; patches also of reaped hay and barley hung up, in a singular way, on stakes six feet high, I suppose to dry; there were perched huts, and a seemingly inaccessible small castle or burg, but none of these did I enter; and five bodies only I saw in the gorge —a woman with a babe, and a man with two small oxen.

About three in the afternoon I was startled to find myself there, and turned back. It was dark when I again passed through those gloomy streets of Aadheim, making for the quay, and now I felt both my hunger and a dropping weariness. I had no thought of entering any house; but as I passed by one open *porte-cochère*, something, I know not what, made me turn sharply in, for my mind had become as fluff on the winds, not working of its own action, but the sport of impulses that seemed external. I went across the yard, and ascended a wooden spiral stair by a twilight which just enabled me to pick my way among five or six vague forms fallen there; in that confined place fantastic qualms beset me; I mounted to the first landing, and tried the door, but it was locked; I mounted to the second, the door was open, and with a chill reluctance I took a step inward: here all was pitch darkness, the window-stores being drawn. I hesitated:



It was a town full of dead.

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it was very dark. I tried to utter that word of mine, but it came in a whisper inaudible to my own ears. I tried again, and this time heard myself: "*Anyone?*" At the same time I had made another step forward, and trodden upon something soft; and at that moment terrors the most ghastly thrilled me through and through, for it was as though I saw in that darkness the sudden eye-balls of horror and frenzy glare upon me, and with a low gurgle of affright, I was gone, helter-skelter down the stairs, treading upon flesh; across the yard and down the street, with pelting feet, and open arms, and sobbing bosom, for I thought that all Aadheim was after me; nor was my horrid haste appeased till I was on board the *Boreal*, and moving down the fjord.

Out to sea, then, I went again, and within the next few days I visited Bergen, and put in at Stavanger. And I saw that Bergen and Stavanger were dead.

* * * *

I stopped at Christiansund, and again at Bergen; and I saw that Christiansund and Bergen were dead. I turned my bows toward my native land.

* * * *

From Bergen I steered a straight course for the Humber, meeting on the way many craft of all sorts — liners, fishing-fleets, trawlers, great four-masters, with sails. All were tombs, listlessly wandering — on the wandering sea with their dead.

The ocean lay palely calm, and all the bright autumn weather was aromatic with that vernal perfume of the peach; but always, if I passed to the lee of a ship, the spicy air wafted me faint puffs of the odour of mortality over-ready for the grave.

I had some knowledge of Morse telegraphy, and of the manipulation of the ordinary wireless transmitter and coherer. I could therefore have sent a message from Trondheim, or Christiansund, or Bergen to Paris, to London, to Pekin. I thought of it; but I would not: I was so afraid—afraid lest for ever no reply should come from anywhere.

I could have landed at Hull, but I would not: I was so afraid. For I was used to the silence of the ice, and I was used to the silence of the sea; but I was afraid of the silence of England.

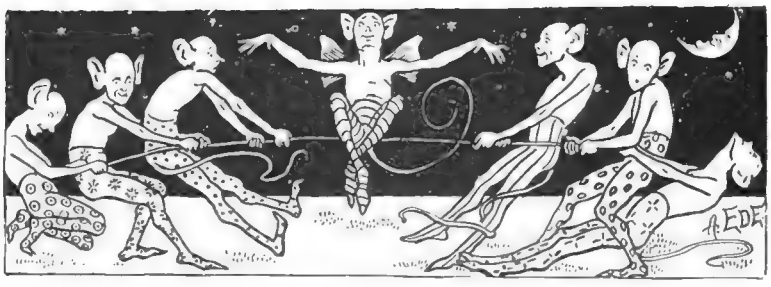
I continued my southern way with slow deliberation. I passed the Wash, Yarmouth, the Thames-mouth. All night the long coast lay dark, without one light. I passed the North Foreland, the South. Finally, in an hour of despairing courage, I put in at Dover Harbour. There, at 9 a.m., August 20th, the *Boreal's* anchor-chain ran thundering through the hawsehole near the Cross Wall custom-house.

This uproar so appalled me, that I stood with shivering knees and flinching heart. It seemed, in all that vast cemetery, quietude not less terrifically loud than the clatter of the last trump.

On the crenellated summit of the castle I saw a faded Union Jack hang motionless; on the Cross Wall near I saw a grey sea-crab fearlessly crawl; on a Calais-Dover boat, ten yards away, which must have left Calais hideously crowded, I saw the rotted dead lie thick, she being unmoored, and continually bumping against an anchored green brig.

I dropped then to my knees, and my poor heart sobbed out the frail cry: "Oh! Lord God, Thou hast destroyed the work of Thy hand——"

(*To be continued.*)



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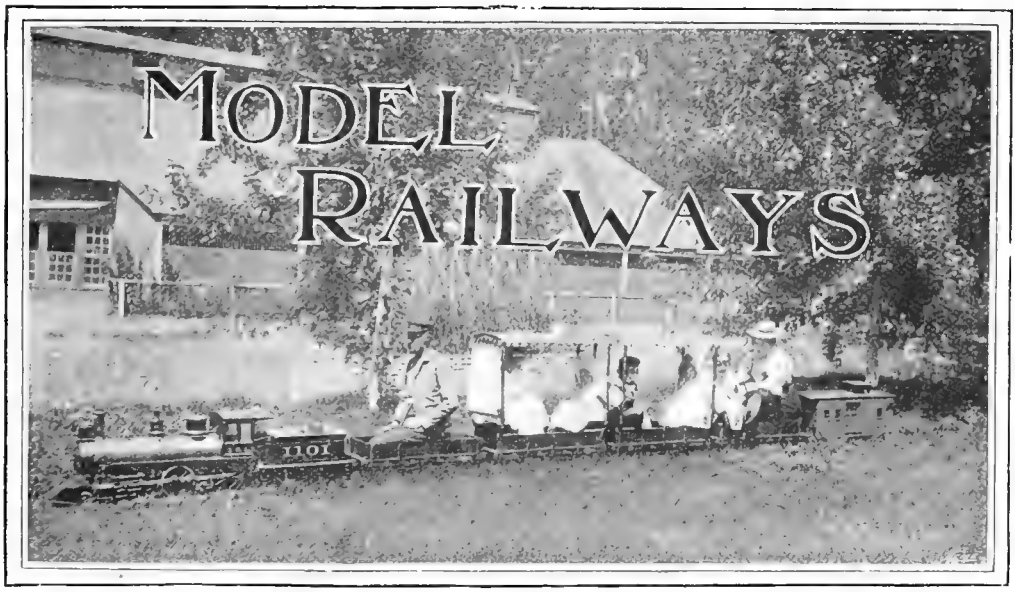
MODEL RAILWAYS



This railway runs through a zoo The engine weighs 450lb.

By Harold Shepstone.

It is doubtful if there is a more interesting or more fascinating hobby — especially to those of a mechanical turn of mind—than the possession of a model railway. Unfortunately, however, the cost of building a complete model miniature railway system in one's own grounds, or, for that matter, in an ordinary room, prevents many from enjoying the delights which such a railway would afford them. Nevertheless, there are quite a few wealthy persons who have been so smitten with the wonders of the steam-engine, and its still more remarkable powers, that they have built railways of their own, and derive both interest and pleasure in watching their lilliputian engines racing round their little tracks.

To construct a diminutive engine capable of drawing passengers is no easy undertaking, and in many of the cases referred to in this article some years have been spent in constructing the "lines." The beautiful miniature railway shown in the above photograph is one. As will be seen from our illustration, it is a model of an American engine, and is designed with the object of drawing children. It runs on a miniature track, over 1,000 feet in length, in the grounds of Mrs. John Elitch, jun., who owns and runs a zoological garden in Denver, Colorado, U.S.A. This lilliputian train is undoubtedly one of the chief attractions in Mrs. Elitch's gardens—excepting, of course, the animals—a wonder to grown-up people and a delight to children. Both engine and cars were built by the man who has charge of the line, and who is seen kneeling in the first car immediately behind the tender. He is an engineer, and it is hardly necessary to add that he takes a deep interest in his baby locomotive and its tiny coaches — the work of his own hands.

Mr. Copestake's model engine, which can draw him and his son at six miles an hour.

The weight of the engine

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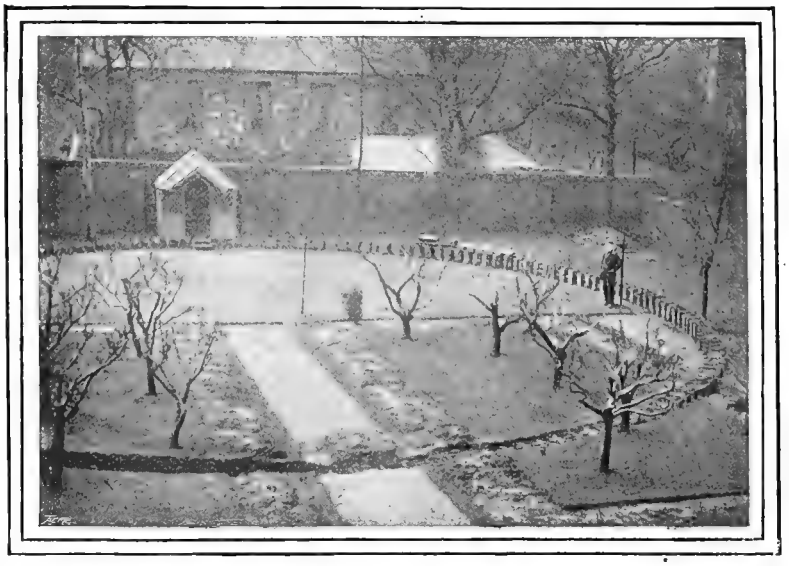
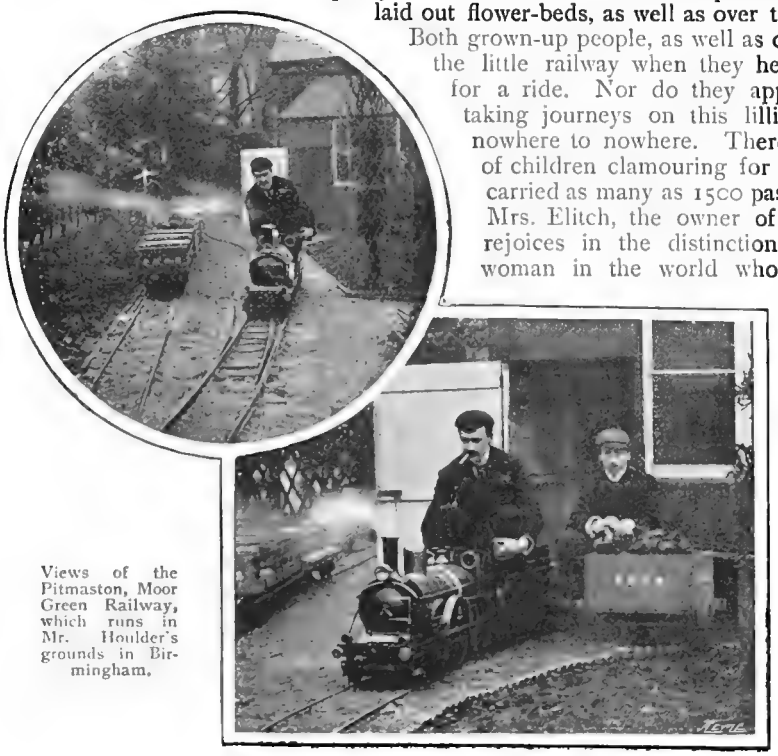
is 450lb., the size of the cylinder 1½in. by 2½in. The size of the driving wheel is 8in., and the length of engine and tender 6ft. 7½in. It is a complete steam engine, burns coal, and can run either backward or forward. The cars are 14in. wide and 42in. long, and are designed to carry either three children or two adults. Eight cars make up a full train, and the engine has drawn as many as eighteen passengers in one load, without any signs of being overburdened. The total weight of the train, including the cars, is about 900lb. The gauge of the track is 12in. The tank of the locomotive is capable of holding six gallons of water, and the boiler is capable of standing a pressure of from 150lb. to 175lb.



The circular track of Mr. Copestake's railway in Glasgow.

The "country" through which this powerful little locomotive runs is exceedingly pretty. In its course of 1000ft. it passes through artistically laid out flower-beds, as well as over trestles and bridges. Both grown-up people, as well as children, flock round the little railway when they hear its whistle, eager for a ride. Nor do they appear to get tired of taking journeys on this lilliputian railway from nowhere to nowhere. There are always scores of children clamouring for a "ride," and it has carried as many as 1500 passengers in one day. Mrs. Elitch, the owner of the zoo—and who rejoices in the distinction of being the only woman in the world who runs a zoological garden—is seen in the car with her ever pleasant face, evidently deriving as much enjoyment in a trip on her diminutive train as the children themselves.



Views of the Pitmaston, Moor Green Railway, which runs in Mr. Houlder's grounds in Birmingham.

It is not necessary, however, to go to America to discover miniature railways capable of carrying passengers, and Mr. S. E. G. Copestake, of

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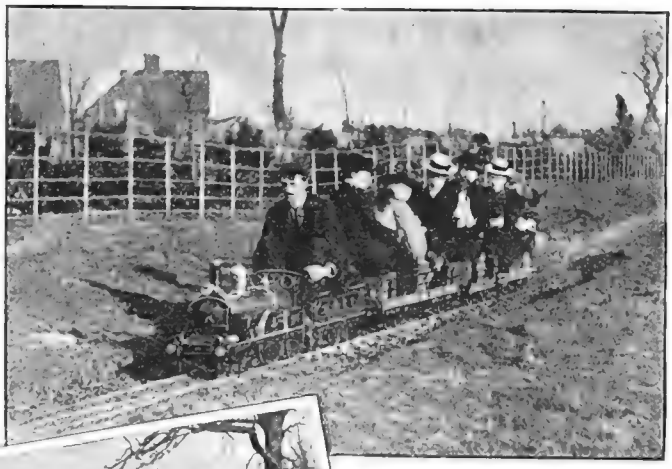
Glasgow, can boast of a very powerful model locomotive, which has demonstrated its ability to draw him and his son round a circular track at the rate of six miles an hour. The engine, which is so distinctly seen in the photograph together with Mr. Copestake and his son seated on the cars, is a very powerful one indeed for its size. It took about two years of leisure time to make, and its owner undoubtedly derives much enjoyment and satisfaction in his now completed and powerful toy.

The fuel used is hardwood charcoal, and steam to a pressure of 40lb. per square inch is raised from cold water in about half an hour. The weight of the engine is 145lb. The length of engine and tender is 5ft. 3in., while the track has a gauge of 7in. The diameter of the driving wheels is 6in., while the little bogie wheels are $2\frac{3}{4}$in. in diameter. With the exception of the boiler, which is of copper, and the driving wheels and frames, it is entirely the creation of his own hands.



The P.M.G. Railway has a great deal of passenger traffic. It can carry seven persons at one time (to say nothing of the dogs).

A stiff gradient.

Another interesting "line" which conveys passengers is the Pitmaston, Moor Green Railway, and for the particulars and photographs of this "line" the writer is indebted to its owner, Mr. J. A. Houlder, of Moor Green, Birmingham. The railway runs in Mr. Houlder's own grounds, and is a practical working model in every respect, the line having been laid for actual running and not for looks. Recently the Pitmaston, Moor Green Railway had a run of about 200 yards, but the line has been recently extended, and is at the present time about 400 yards in length — not a bad distance certainly for a miniature railway in one's own grounds. Our first illustration of this line represents the engine leaving the "sheds." It is a model of the Great Western Railway locomotive, with a large single wheel, 12in. in diameter, the little bogie wheels having a diameter of 4in. The engine and tender weigh about four hundred-weight, and have a total length of 7ft. 7in. The boiler holds about five gallons of water. The engine is fitted with electric light, the current being supplied by batteries carried behind the tender. There are two pumps worked from the crossheads, and also an injector. The coupling on the engine is fastened to a spring under the footplate which presses the driving wheels

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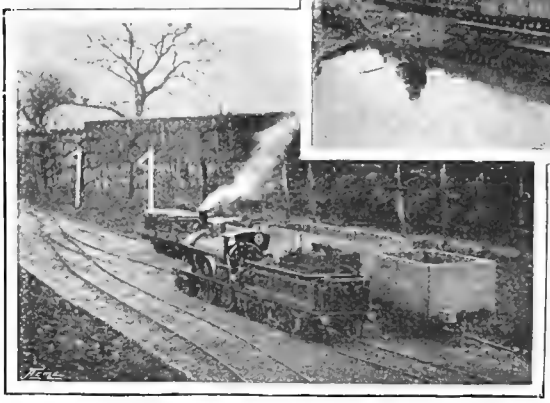
Crossing the lake on the P.M.G.R.

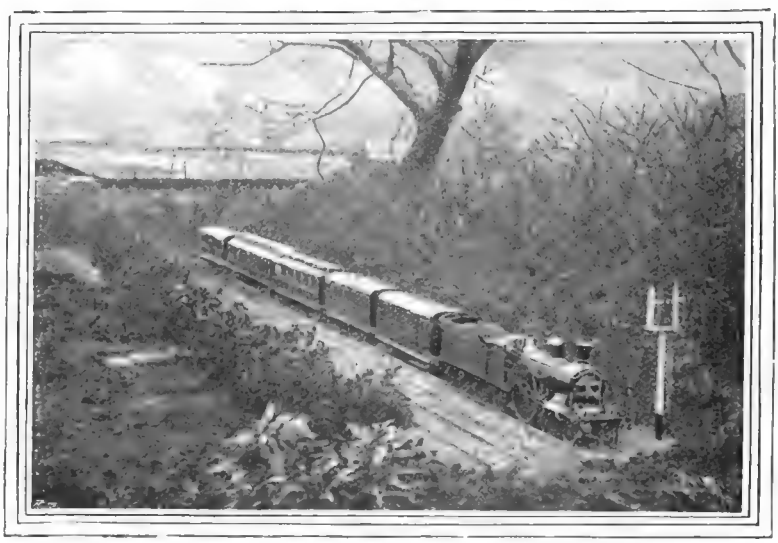


On a siding.

down on to the rails as the strain of the train behind is felt. The throttle valve, sand boxes, and cylinder cocks are worked from the foot-plate. The points are at present worked by a lever at the side, but it is Mr. Houlder's intention to control the points by a set of levers from a signal box.

The P.M.G. ordinary "express" consists of three carriages, a bogie dining car, an ordinary bogie car and a four-wheeled brake van. An ordinary load for an express is four passengers and the driver, but the P.M.G.R. has undoubtedly a great deal of passenger traffic to contend with, and in one illustration seven passengers may be counted; it has carried as many as nine people. We notice also that the directors of this lilliputian railway company have not yet inforced very stringent bye-laws as to the carrying of passengers' dogs, and it cannot be denied that the canine tribe is not well represented in our photograph. No less than three dogs may be seen sitting on the passengers' laps, calmly surveying their surroundings.

The sensation experienced by a trip on the P.M.G.R. is a very pleasant one, and the country through which the line passes cannot in any sense of the term be described as monotonous. A stiff gradient of over one hundred yards has to be climbed during the course of the journey, while a deep cutting on a curve has also to be negotiated and a lake crossed by a bridge some thirty yards in length. The goods and ballast train consists of three waggons, one bogie and two four-wheeled trucks. The sides and ends of these latter open so that they can be easily emptied. Mr. Houlder also informed us that he had two more locomotives on order. When these have been completed the rolling stock of the P.M.G.R. will certainly be an enviable one.



Model train belonging to Rev. T. B. Parley, of Darlington. The engine is a model of the famous Great Northern express No. 771.

Google

All the foregoing railways have received prior attention, and rightly so, on account of their ability to draw passengers. There are, however, some very fine and wonderfully complete model railways deserving of consideration on account of their elaborate finish, although they have not been constructed to convey passengers. The Rev. T. B. Parley, of Darlington, possesses what is undoubtedly a most complete and up-to-date model railway. The engine is a model of the famous Great Northern Express No. 771. It is built to a scale of three-quarter inch to a foot, and represents the work of Messrs. W. Martin and Company, of West Ham. The engine runs very fast, and will easily pull all the carriages seen in the photograph. The tender carries a supply of "fuel" in the shape of methylated spirits, and also water for the boiler. An interesting feature about the engine, however, is its marvellous, and excellent finish. Not only is the whole engine and tender built exactly to scale, but even the lining and painting has been carried out with wonderful exactness. To make sure that the model should bear the exact shade in green—the colour which characterises the engines of the Great Northern Railway—Messrs. Martin sent their painter to King's Cross with the sole object of securing the exact shade of colour.

A careful inspection of our illustration also reveals the fact that much time and patience has been spent in building the carriages, for, like the engine, they are exact models. With the exception of the metal work they were made by Mr. Parley himself, of thin wood for the floors, partitions, and ends, cardboard for the sides, and, with the exception of the Pullman's Car, cartridge paper for the roofs. This latter car is most lavishly upholstered, having a velvet carpet, Lincrusta roof, gold beading, curtains and blinds, chairs and tables, and is mounted on two six-wheeled bogies. The entire train is fitted with electric light, worked on the centre-roller system, from independent batteries. The rails are riveted to cross-sleepers, and form a very solid road, and are constructed with points and signals. Some of these latter are to be worked by electricity, each arm being controlled by a magnet. It is also Mr. Parley's intention to construct a mail van, or post-office van, with net, and all complete, and go through the performance of taking up the letters from a standard by the side of the line.

Foxoak Railway (owned by Mr. Ricardo, of Walton-on-Thames), showing entrance to tunnel and triangular track.

To boys especially there is probably nothing that appeals with such intense interest as the wonders of the steam engine. Very few,

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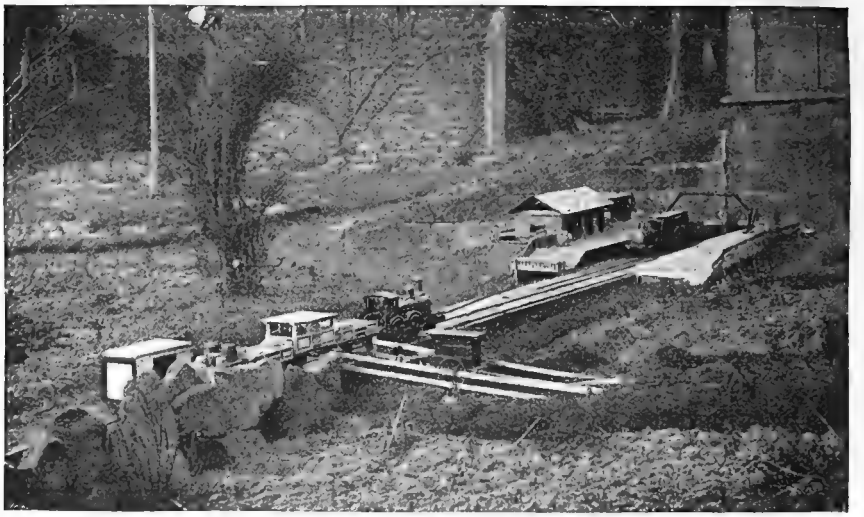

Alnmouth Station, on the Alnmouth and Madagascar Railway. The complete railway system was constructed by two schoolboys aged respectively fifteen and eleven.

if any, school boys, however, have undertaken the construction of a complete railway system on any elaborate scale, for the details connected with the carrying out of such a project are innumerable, and much time and patience, let alone cost, is necessary to successfully accomplish an undertaking of this description. But Master J. Mawson Routhwaite, of Denewell House, Low Fell, and his cousin, two schoolboys, aged respectively fifteen and eleven at the time, have built a railway of their own, which rejoices in the name of the Alnmouth and Madagascar Railway. It is some 130ft. in length, and consists of a single line of rails except at the two termini. There are three stations, Alnmouth and Madagascar, the termini, and Brinkham situated about halfway along the track, which has a gauge of 4½in. Alnmouth Station is seen in our photograph, where the line is double, while at Madagascar, the headquarters of the line, there are three running roads. Alnmouth Station can boast of waiting-rooms, and in fact would appear to be a modern and up-to-date station. There is a foot-bridge connecting the two platforms, as passengers on the A.M.R. are forbidden to cross the line. A short distance from Alnmouth we come to a tunnel, 9ft. in length, at the entrance to which is a platelayer's hut.

Before concluding this article a passing reference may be made to the Foxoak Railway, a practical little toy owned by Mr. A. R. Ricardo, of Foxoak, Hersham, Walton-on-Thames. In this case the gauge is three inches. The total length of line is about three hundred feet. Two bridges are crossed and a tunnel negotiated in the course of a run over this lilliputian railway. The engine is undoubtedly a very powerful one and made "to go." It was built to Mr. Ricardo's own designs and is not a model of any particular type.

Going through a cutting on the P.M.G. Railway.

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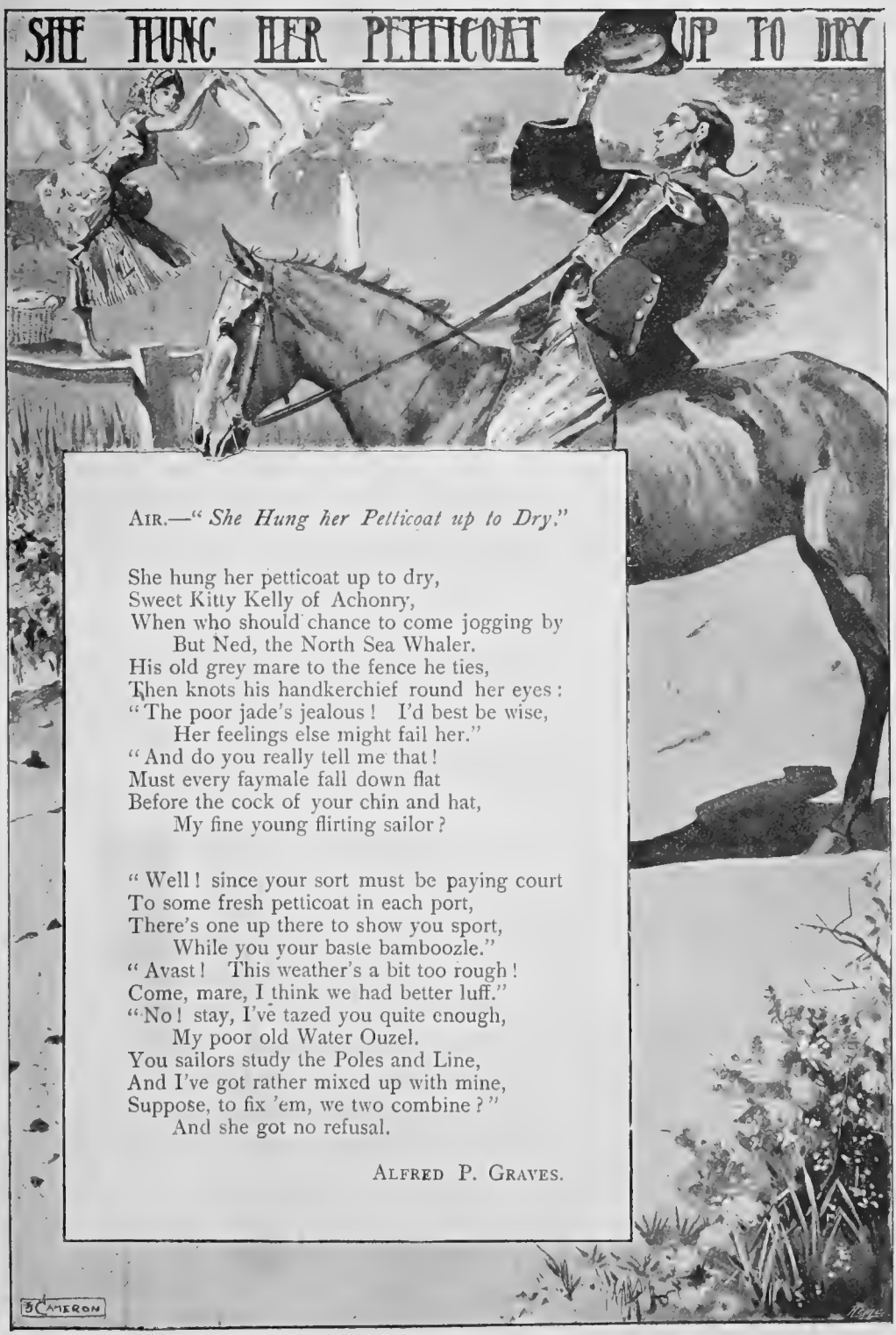

AIR.—"*She Hung her Petticoat up to Dry.*"

She hung her petticoat up to dry,
Sweet Kitty Kelly of Achonry,
When who should chance to come jogging by
But Ned, the North Sea Whaler.
His old grey mare to the fence he ties,
Then knots his handkerchief round her eyes:
"The poor jade's jealous! I'd best be wise,
Her feelings else might fail her."
"And do you really tell me that!
Must every faymale fall down flat
Before the cock of your chin and hat,
My fine young flirting sailor?

"Well! since your sort must be paying court
To some fresh petticoat in each port,
There's one up there to show you sport,
While you your baste bamboozle."
"Avast! This weather's a bit too rough!
Come, mare, I think we had better luff."
"No! stay, I've tazed you quite enough,
My poor old Water Ouzel.
You sailors study the Poles and Line,
And I've got rather mixed up with mine,
Suppose, to fix 'em, we two combine?"
And she got no refusal.

ALFRED P. GRAVES.

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How The Navy Is Officered And Manned

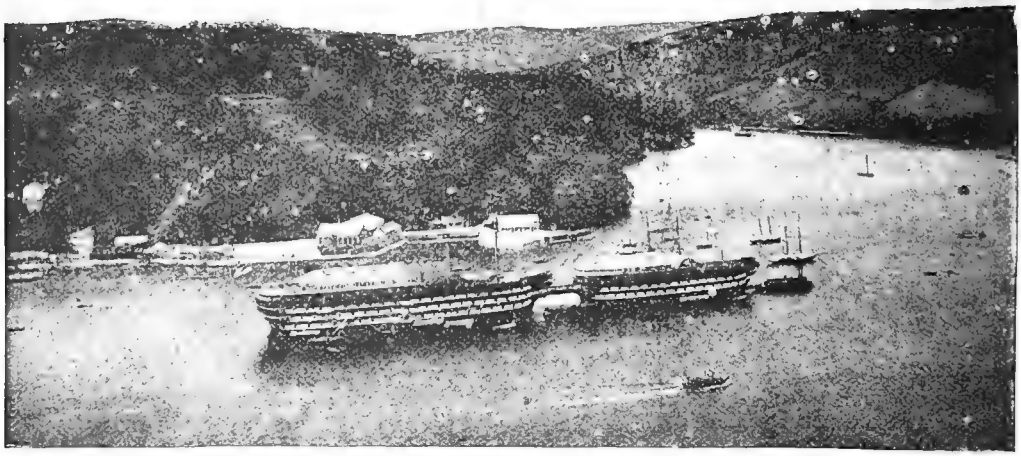

Photo by Crockett.

H.M.S. *Britannia*, in Dartmouth Harbour, where all naval cadets are trained.

Being One of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

By Archibald C. Hurd.

Like all things which are of ancient growth the British Navy is full of strange anachronisms, and the manner in which it is officered and manned, is an attempt to graft on to old methods a system more in accord with present day ideas. The officers of the Fleet are divided into two classes, the military (or executive as it is more often styled) and the civil. To the former belong all the officers ranging from midshipmen to Admirals of the Fleet. This line is intrusted with the maintenance of discipline, and enjoys the plums attaching thereto—social position and a slender prospect of rising to a large income.

It is erroneously thought by some, that anyone can become a naval officer just as any young man of "parts" can enter any department of the Queen's civil service. But this is not true of the military or the accountant branches of the Navy. A parent who has a boy whom he would like to see an admiral, must first get what is known as a nomination or recommendation, from the First or some other Lord of the Admiralty, or admiral commanding a squadron, or from a recently promoted captain. This is the social bar that still renders this branch undemocratic, though the Army becomes more and more democratic every day.

Somewhat similar is the method by which a lad is entered for the accountant branch He must be nominated by the First Lord. When these serious formalities have been gone through, all is fair sailing such as sailors like.

Having obtained a nomination, the would-be admiral has to be examined by a naval doctor, and if he has any weakness or deformity; if he suffers from an impediment of his speech; if his eyesight is in the slightest degree defective; if he has bunions or unsound teeth; or if his toes have been misplaced by Providence or improper boots, he is cast aside as no good for the sea. Only the very best of the candidates, viewed from a purely physical standpoint, are permitted to sit for the entrance examination, which is intended to test them mentally. It is easier to become a member of Parliament or a Cabinet Minister (for such have no social, physical, or mental tests to satisfy when anything from $14\frac{1}{2}$ to $15\frac{1}{2}$ years of age), than to win the flag of an admiral.

The competition is very keen. Though

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Photo by Crockett.

Fencing is an important item in the training of a naval cadet

about 190 cadets are entered every year, three times that number of lads obtain nominations, pass the doctor, and sit for the educational examinations. Those who are successful go to the training ship *Britannia* at Dartmouth, where they spend fifteen months completing their education, and drinking in a mass of information which is to fit them for the onerous and multifarious duties of naval executive officers.

There are further examinations in the training ship, then the naval baby is sent to sea, where he studies still, for about four and a half years, and he goes successively to the Naval Colleges at Greenwich and Portsmouth, to become further versed in mathematics, navigation, surveying, engineering, pilotage, torpedoes, guns, and other subjects, in all of which he is examined.

If all has gone well with him he will be promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and receive pay at the rate of 10s. a day, out of which he has to meet all his heavy expenses, unless he has had the good fortune to be born with a silver or golden spoon in his mouth. If he has no rich father to whom to look for additions to his pay, he will probably find it difficult to make both ends meet.

The training up to this point will have cost his parents about £1000. His pay rises, and if he has the good fortune to become an admiral he will get as much as £5 a day, or £6 as an Admiral of the Fleet, with certain allowances when actively employed, which an Admiral of the Fleet, who ranks with a Field Marshal in the Army, never is. But many, very many, lieutenants never get promoted, and among those who rise to commanders fewer still get any higher. Promotion to the ranks of commander and captain is made by selection by the Admiralty, and does not depend on length of service or age. A lucky young officer with social influence, will get appointed to one of the Royal Yachts, and after a short period of service there, will be

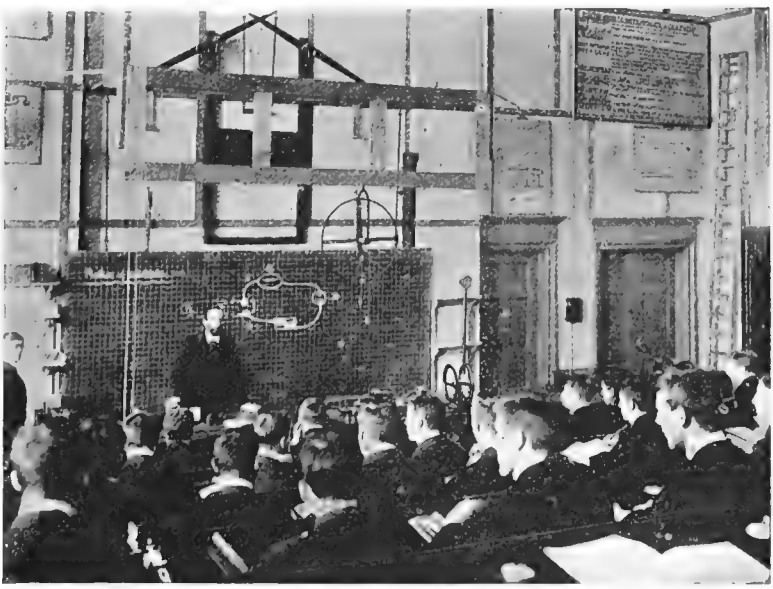

Photo by Crockett.

Profession class at the Royal Naval Engineer College, Devonport.

Google

promoted over the heads of those unfortunate companions who have no fathers or uncles to push them forward. The selection of his father is a point to which a future officer cannot give too much attention.

Much, indeed, depends on his social position, though no amount of social influence will ever turn the fool of a family into an admiral. Those days are gone for ever. If he has not a father who can help him much, he may bask under the smiles of some peer or naval officer of high rank, whom he will call his "sea dad."

Photo by Crockett.

Sailor boys at sail drill on board H.M.S. *Lion*. This old vessel was present at the battle of Trafalgar.

At present there are 687 midshipmen in the Fleet, 287 sub-lieutenants, 1015 lieutenants, 300 commanders, 196 captains, thirty-seven rear-admirals, twenty-one vice-admirals, ten admirals, and only five Admirals of the Fleet, so it will be seen that there is considerable weeding out by the Admiralty before promotions to captains are made, and thence upward it goes not by favour but by seniority. If a lieutenant has not been promoted while still on the right side of thirty-five, the chances are he will be passed over altogether, and at forty-five will retire with a pension which may amount to as much as £300 a year.

As has already been indicated, the accountant line is a "close corner." But having obtained the necessary nomination and satisfied the physical and educational examiners, the future paymaster's troubles are behind him. He has not much more study, but he must know the Queen's Regulations and all the Admiralty Instructions issued from time to time. For on every ship in which he will serve he will be expected to be a walking "inquire within" on all matters affecting official

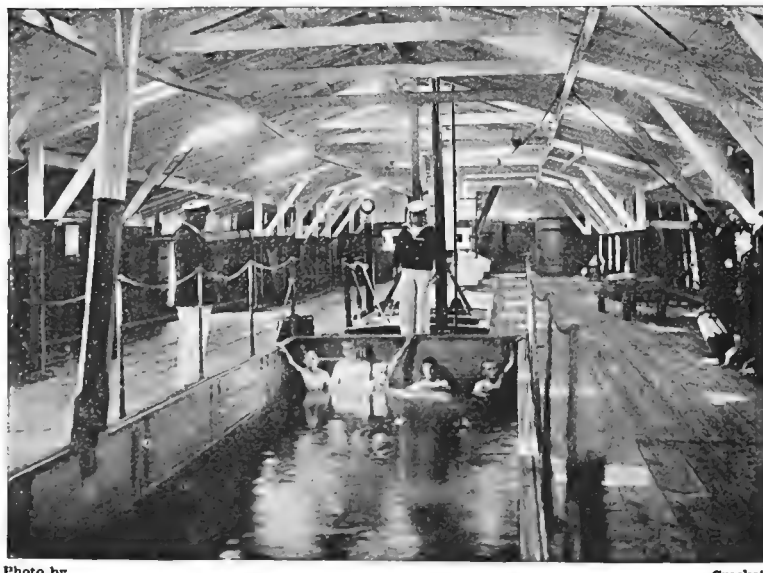

Photo by Crockett.

Where the newly-entered boy goes first: the bath in the receiving hulk, *Circe*.

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routine, punishments, pay, uniform, and a hundred and one details. As this official publication runs to several hundred pages, it is no easy task to master its contents. The young officer of this branch enters the service as an assistant clerk at the age of seventeen or eighteen, with pay amounting to £45 12*s.* 6*d.*, which is increased in a year's time—an accountancy examination is inforced—to £73. The parents of an assistant clerk have to pay to the authorities a sum of £20 a year, and he will need further assistance from home to live in comfort. At twenty-one years of age, after passing a further examination, he becomes as a matter of course an assistant paymaster with pay ranging from £91 5*s.* to £209 17*s.* 6*d.*—it will be noticed that the Admiralty are most exact in their calculations. Promotion depends merely on seniority. The officers move up automatically, and a fortunate officer will become in time, about twenty-seven years, a fleet paymaster with a little over £600 as his income, and probably one of those allowances which most senior officers of all branches enjoy for special duties.

An ambitious paymaster, if he has luck or influence, may come into association in the course of his early career with some promising commander or captain, and when the latter becomes an admiral his former shipmate may be selected by him to act as his secretary while he is in command of a squadron. Such appointments are the ambition of most accountant officers, but there are very few of them. If after fourteen years' service he becomes secretary to a commander-in-chief, the paymaster receives

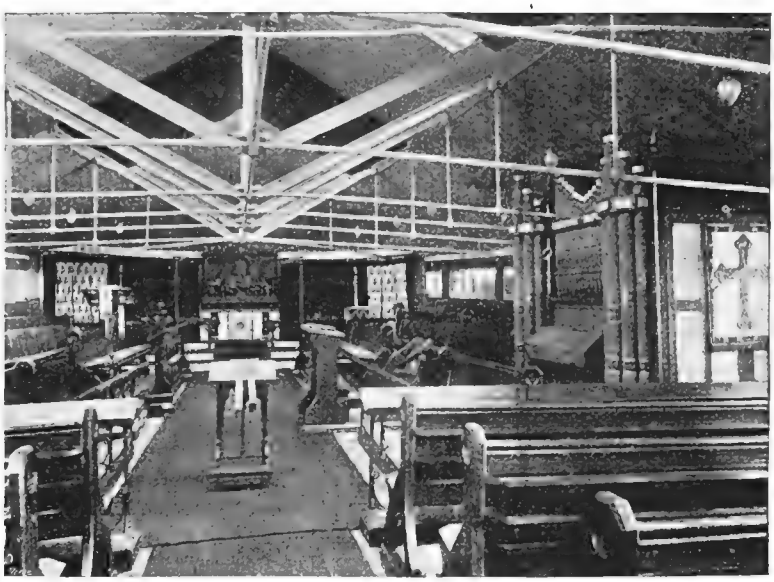

Photo by Crockett.

The church on H.M.S. *Britannia* where naval cadets worship.

Photo by Crockett.

Engineer students learning how to mould in the Royal Dockyard, Devonport.

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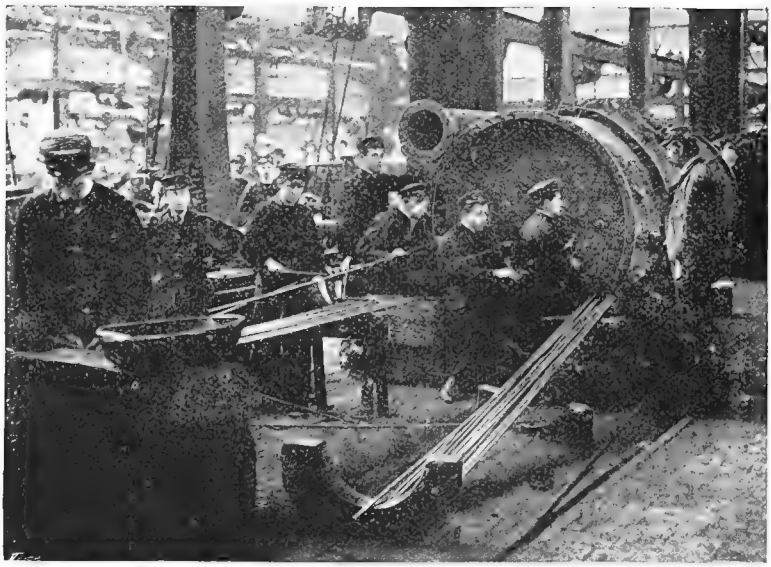

Photo by Crockett

A boiler-tube fitting class at Devonport Dockyard

a salary amounting to £547, with a house and £40 a year as an allowance in lieu of servants. Such a position, however, entails so much work, tact, and presence that it can only be filled by a man of exceptional calibre, who must also have good social qualities and be able to keep a secret, for he is the admiral's *alter ego*.

Opinion on such a point may differ, but it is probably true that no officers of the Navy have to go through a more arduous training than those who are styled engineers. "Engineer," by the way, is in this connection a somewhat quaint term. If a man rises to the highest rung of the professional ladder, and ranks with a rear-admiral, his card reads: Cornelius Jones, Chief Inspector of Machinery, as though he were a kind of superintendent mechanic who went round the engine-room with an oil can in his hand. As the naval authorities were slow to adopt steam (for years after the merchant service had adopted it, the Admiralty regarded its application to men-of-war as the veriest absurdity), so they have been in no hurry to grant to the engineer officer a position commensurate with his position and responsibility. Every year, in different parts of Great Britain, examinations are held for those who desire to join this branch of Her Majesty's sea service, and those who are successful are admitted to Keyham College at Devonport, where they undergo a training spread over four or five years.

At entry they are from fourteen and a half to nearly seventeen years old, and at the Devonport establishment enjoy many advantages,

Photo by Crockett.

Sailors learning how to fire a big gun on board a man-of-war.

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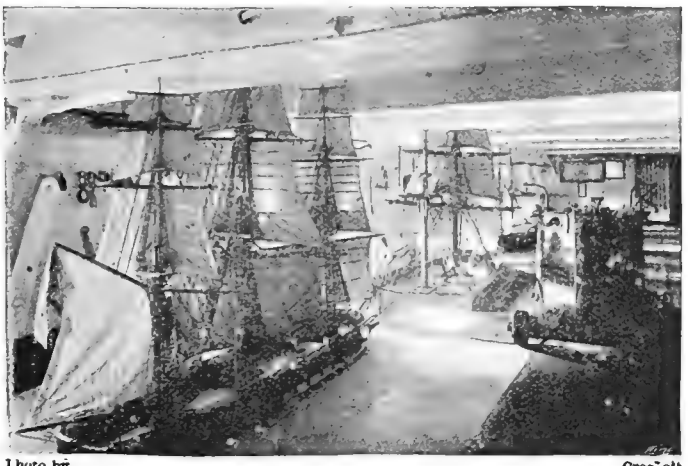

Photo by Crocker

Seamanship-room on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, where cadets are taught all about sails, ropes, and yards.

but the comforts and athletic benefits do not compare with those provided for the cadets at Dartmouth, though the parents of students have to pay £40 a year to the Admiralty, besides providing them with their uniforms and outfits. The training is both theoretical and practical, but mainly the latter, though the student must be a good mathematician. The College adjoins the dockyard, and here he spends much of his time learning by the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow all that he can, in the time at his disposal, of the construction of electrical machinery, guns, torpedoes, boilers, and of shipbuilding and repairing; he must also know how to prepare plans and make models. In fact, he must do his best to acquire an intimate knowledge of everything mechanical in connection with a modern warship. Later, if he passes his examinations well, he becomes a probationary assistant engineer, and at the end of twelve months if he has given satisfaction to the officer of the Steam Reserve at the dockyard under whom he has worked, the word "probationary" is removed, and his pay after another year's service is increased from £109 10*s.* to £136 17*s.* 6*d.*, or 7*s.* 6*d.* a day. After at least seventeen years' service he will become a senior engineer, and he may rise to inspector of machinery with £730 a year.

In previous articles sidelights have been shed on the training of the bluejacket. He is the splendid product of a splendid system. He is caught young, younger than in any other navy in the world. He is still undeveloped, and is as clay in the potter's hands. He is moulded and polished while still a lad, both physically and mentally. It costs £300 and takes about five years to turn out an efficient seaman, dating from the time when, only fifteen to sixteen and a half years of age, he goes on board a training ship to the day when he completes his training in gunnery and torpedoes, cutlass and rifle. On the training ship he learns merely the A.B.C. of his life work, while all the healthy physical exercises and field sports convert him

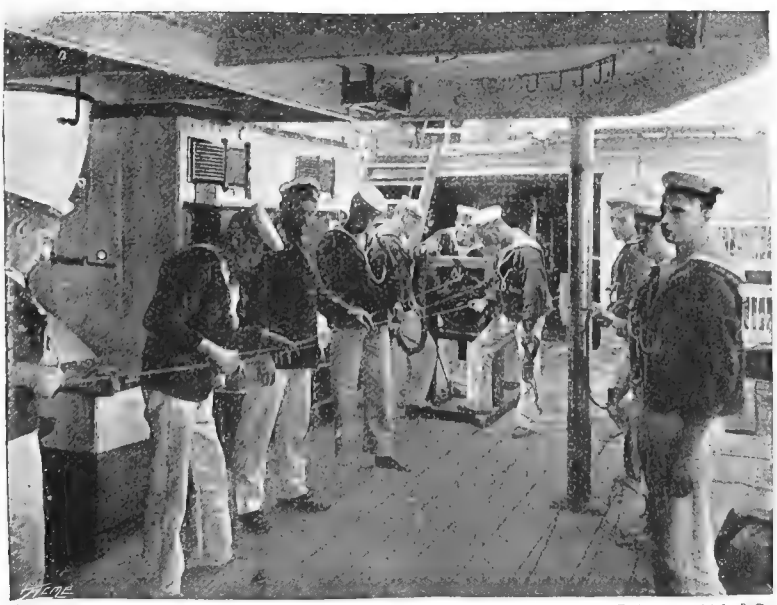

Photo by Reinhold, Thiele & Co.

A party of blue-jackets being instructed in the all-important art of rope-making.

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from a hobble-de-hoy into a well set-up man.

The bluejacket in these days is merely one item in the long list of men who go to the efficient manning of a warship. At least two-thirds of the crews of some modern cruising ships consist of mechanics, men who are enlisted as youths or men, after they have learnt ashore in private establishments how to use their tools. There are stokers, engine-room artificers, armourers, carpenters, coopers, painters, blacksmiths, plumbers, and others, all of whom are necessary in the complement of a ship. Most of these skilled men earn high pay. After thirteen years service as an engine-room artificer a man gets 6*s.* 6*d.* a day, while a first class chief engine-room artificer receives 7*s.* 6*d.*, a first class painter or plumber 3*s.*, a chief stoker, after twelve years, 5*s*, and an armourer gets anything from 2*s.* 4*d.* to 6*s.* None of these skilled mechanics ever go on board a training ship.

Every year when the Fleet is partially mobilised for the annual manœuvres, many ships are sent to sea sadly deficient in the matter of mechanics. In fact the personnel of the Fleet has not expanded as fast as the shipbuilders have added vessels to the Navy, and the result is that there is a great need for more young lieutenants, engineer officers, and mechanics. This has led to the Admiralty entering officers from the merchant service in recent years, while to increase the number of bluejackets, training ships all the year round are passing from port to port picking up youths of eighteen who after a shortened period of training are sent to sea, and are expected to work side by side with, and as well as, the lads who have had the advantage of the thorough training in the stationary ships at Portsmouth, Portland, Devonport, and off the Scottish and Irish coasts. A number of the engineer officers are also drawn from civilian life, while a few are dockyard apprentices, the sons of working men, who on account of their ability are encouraged and assisted by the authorities to study for the engineering branch. It was owing to this official encouragement that Sir William White and Sir John Durstan, the sons of humble parents, rose to their present positions at the head of the naval departments that control shipbuilding and engineering, while Sir James Williamson, the Director of Dockyards, is another official at Whitehall who was at one time in a Government yard.

Photo by Crockett.

Sail drill on the boys' training ship *Lion* at Devonport.

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A GRECIAN HEROINE

By Mrs. Tom Godfrey.

"Are you in pain?"

The man moved his head slowly. "No," he murmured, smiling faintly into the nurse's anxious face—"but, I was thinking, and . . ." His voice dropped, and his thin hand fumbled under the pillow.

"I was thinking of this . . ." he continued, as he held out a tiny leather case . . . "of her it represents . . . Ah well! I shall meet her soon now . . . look!"

The nurse looked at the inclosed photograph carelessly, for she had been shown so many by various patients.

"In spite of what they say, we Greeks are not all cowards, Nurse," resumed the man with a ring of pain in his voice. "*She* died in the front rank, on the battlefield." . . .

The nurse started, her interest was aroused.

"What do you mean? *She, a girl.*"

The soldier nodded affirmatively.

"Listen, and I will tell you, and when you go back to England you must tell them how the Greeks really feel about this War, how they really are not cowards, how . . . but what good? Is not all against us? . . . "

He drew his brown palm across his eyes. There was a mist before them that neither thoughts of the girl, nor regrets for her loss had caused—It was the cloud that dims the sight of the loyal brave after failure, one that had troubled many a veteran before, but that had seldom been accompanied by such distrust and sickness at heart as was now the case with thousands of the Greek soldiers.

The nurse's face grew grave. The sight of mental pain hurt her.

"Never mind that," she said, "we English who *know*, love and honour you; for the others, what does it matter?"

"Yes, what does it matter?" sighed the soldier. "But do not go . . . I want to tell you about her . . . my brain is muddled . . . but I think I can remember . . . As we were marching to our position a young recruit joined us. Rough as most of us were our hearts softened towards him. He was so young, so gentle, so unlike us all. When his eyes wandered over our weather-beaten faces with an inquiring look, we all became silent and ceased laughing, we thought of the little ones at home, his look had the same trusting expression.

"His influence over us was soon noticeable; no coarse word was allowed in his presence, for something about him forbade it, and he looked so dignified despite his youth that the oldest acknowledged his superiority and treated him accordingly, and, partly for that, we nicknamed him 'Corporal.'

"What surprised us most was the devotion paid to him by Demetrius, the aristocratic private. *He* watched over the lad from morn till night.

"Demetrius was a young man of high birth who had run through a large fortune. He was tall and handsome, as strong as a horse, as true as steel, as brave as

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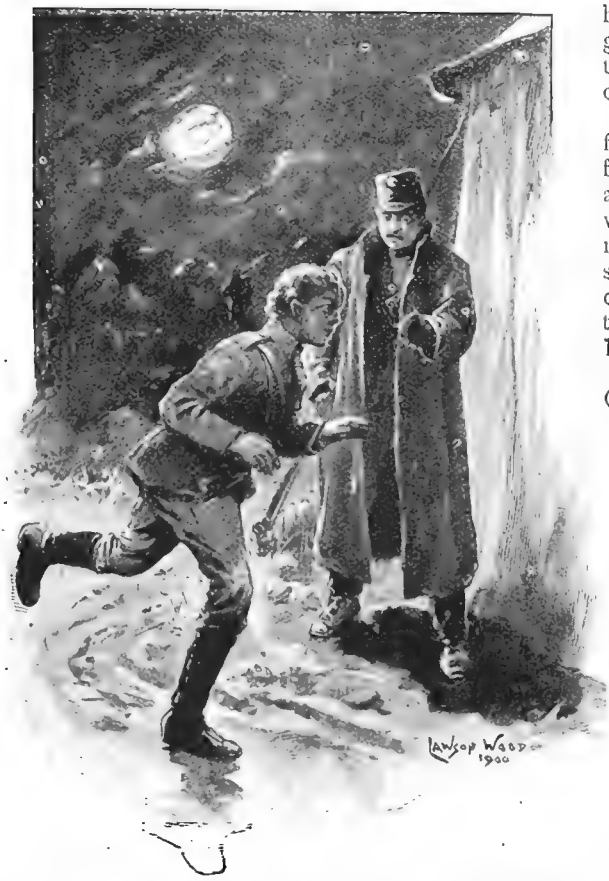

Corporal, white and dishevelled, ran up, and pushed past me into the tent.

a hero. . . . His only obvious fault was his love of dissipation, but in Corporal's presence he was as meek as a lamb, and as loving as a woman.

"Poor fellow! I fancy I see him now with his eyes full of tenderness fixed on the fair young face of our boy. Such a lovely face that was, as expressive as a girl's, anon pale and sad, then blushing and excited, as he listened with flashing eyes to some tale of heroic life such as Demetrius loved to tell. Then he would clench his small hand, toss his curl-decked head, and shout in his ringing voice: 'Down with tyrants! Traitors! Turks!'

"But who was he? Whence did he come? We none of us knew; although his face haunted me I could not remember having seen him before. In answer to all our inquiries, he would shake his head and laugh.

"We had hard times to put up with. Our Colonel (whose orderly I was), was a gruff harsh man, made doubly so by disgust at our position, and grief at the news of the disappearance of his only child from Larissa.

"He hated the Turks with all his fierce old heart, and haunted by the fear that his child had been carried away or massacred by them, he vowed to give them no mercy. He never noticed any of us, his short-sighted eyes wandered aimlessly over our faces. Once or twice he spoke to Demetrius, after the affair of Larissa.

"For Demetrius had loved the Colonel's daughter, and had been dismissed by the Colonel as an unworthy suitor. Then he had given himself up to wild debauch, and lastly had entered the Colonel's own Regiment.

"Why? To aggravate him with his presence, to wheedle round him? I know not.

"It was just before that fatal day on the Plain of Thessaly, and the news had gone round that the Colonel was taken suddenly ill, that he was dying in fact.

"It was true, and in the night he sent for Demetrius.

"When Demetrius entered, the old man asked all others to leave him, and I, as the Colonel's servant, stood outside, ready to enter again if he called. As I stood there wondering, Corporal, white and dishevelled, ran up, and pushed past me into the tent. I moved forward to remonstrate, and then I saw a sight that held me fast. Corporal had thrown himself by the bed, and was weeping over the Colonel.

"'Father! Father!' he gasped between his sobs. The Colonel started up and uttered a loud cry.

"My daughter! Then he fell back exhausted with his arms round Corporal's neck, and I stepped outside."

"Was it really his daughter?" asked the nurse.

"Yes, . . . Love for her dismissed lover Demetrius made her follow him. She had disguised herself as a recruit. Love for Demetrius carried her through the hardships of a soldier's life, and although it seems incredible that none should have found her out, it was so—a soldier's daughter, she had a soldier's heart. She worshipped the Army

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and her poor maligned country, and anger against her father for his treatment of Demetrius was only softened by hearing of his illness. *He* died a few hours later.

"I was astounded at this strange revelation—our idol was only a woman! but what a faithful loyal heart!—Should I betray her to the others? No! But henceforth Demetrius should not be the only one to protect her, I would watch over her and her lover, I, a husband and a father, would guard them on our march to victory. But there was little time for thought, the Turks were on us. Before I could collect my wits after the first shock of the news, balls were whistling past me, smoke was blinding me, and I could only hope that Demetrius had left his darling in safety. At last I saw him. He was surrounded by Turks, fighting bravely, like the gallant man he was, and, to my horror, Corporal, our idol, a *woman*, was beside him. Something like a sob rose in my throat.

"'Corporal,' I gasped.

"A comrade close to me replied.

"'Do you not see him! the brave youngster. Hurrah, down with the Turks!'

"The words had scarcely left his lips when a ball passed through his brain and he fell. And then there was a cry of shame, and, were my eyes deceiving me or had we mistaken our position, I saw the field in confusion, and the Greeks fleeing in front of the Turks. Demetrius alone stood his ground, fighting fiercely, and so I strove to reach him, and her. As I fought my way I kept my eyes on her face, and shouted 'Down with the Turks' with all my might.

"Then I got desperate but could not reach them, and to my terror Demetrius fell, and Corporal remained alone.

"I shouted in despair, and a few others of

Demetrius fell, and Corporal remained alone.

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ours seeing the peril Corporal was in stopped in their flight and strove to reach her.

"On and on I struggled. Courage! I shouted, and then, a short, sharp stinging pain, and I fell to the ground oblivious of everything.

"I had fainted; when I opened my eyes dead or wounded bodies and blood pools were all that remained to tell the tale of the skirmish. Then came the stinging thought of shame that the Greeks had fled, that we had disgraced ourselves.

"I raised myself on my arm. I looked to where I had last seen Corporal. There was nothing now but a heap of bodies. I crawled slowly and painfully to it, passing a dying comrade on my way. I arrived to find my worst fears confirmed.

"There, with the pallor of death on his features lay Demetrius, this case clasped in his stiffened hand. Across his breast was Corporal, the boy soldier to us, the sweetheart to him, with a smile on her ashen face and the glassy eyes wide open, looking meaningless for the first time—She was dead.

"As I stooped to verify the fact the giddiness I had before experienced overcame me and I fell again. . . .

* * * *

"They found us, I, the only living one, lying with my head on the girl's white hand . . . and . . . you know the rest . . . that soon *I* shall be numbered amongst the dead. What does that matter now? Better so than to live branded as a coward . . . and yet *she* had a brave heart . . . people may laugh at this as an impossible tale, but *I* know it is true, just as I know that we Greeks are loyal and stout-hearted. People will laugh at that also, well, let them . . . nothing matters now." . . .

A Fossilised Monster.

The usual tranquility of Stockton, a village some ten miles from Warwick, was disturbed one summer's morning two years ago by one of the quarrymen rushing into the village tavern with the news that he had unearthed a "crocodile," 20ft. long.

All Stockton and his wife went off to the quarry armed with pitchforks, knives, sticks, and other deadly weapons.

Judge of our surprise when we found the "monster" quite dead. In fact, it had been dead many thousands of years.

Having taken an interest in geology for some time past I was able to announce that the "crocodile" was the fossil remains of an extinct animal known to geologists by the name of *Ichthyosaurus*.

Photo by Blundell.

The fossilised remains of an *Ichthyosaurus*, a huge antediluvian monster.

It was an exceptionally fine specimen, measuring 20ft. in length and 3ft. 6in. wide.

This remarkable reptile belonged to the Oolitic or Lias period. In appearance during life, as nearly as natural history can reveal, the monster bore a striking resemblance to the mystical sea-serpent of the present day.

News of the discovery soon spread to various parts of England, and attracted the attention of many eminent geologists.

The owner of the pits (H. M. Lakin, Esq.) has very generously given this interesting fossil to the British Museum, where it may now be seen.

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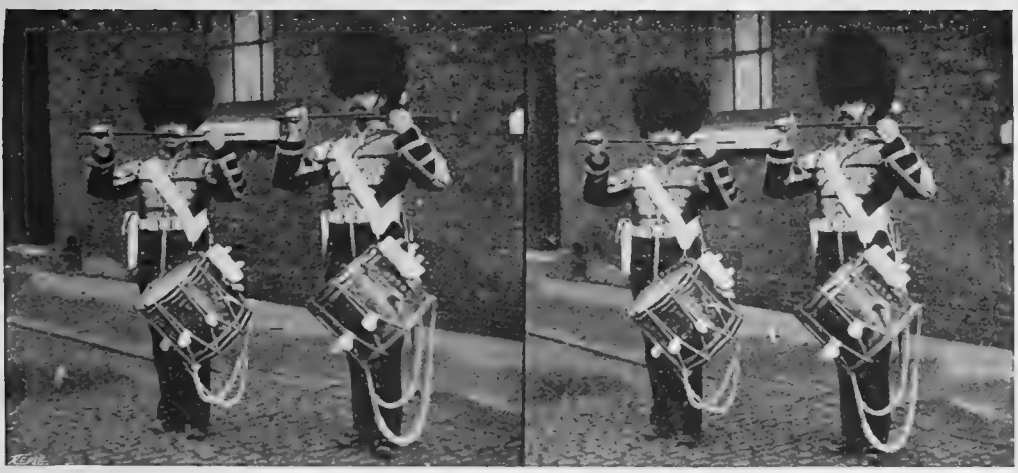
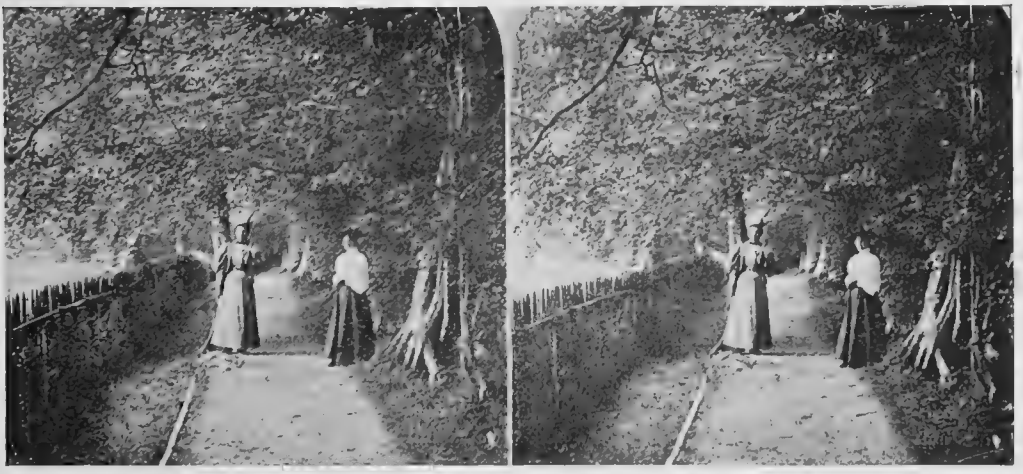
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.



A Pair of Drummers.



Approach to Dryburgh Abbey, Scotland.

The Old Guildhall, Totnes.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*

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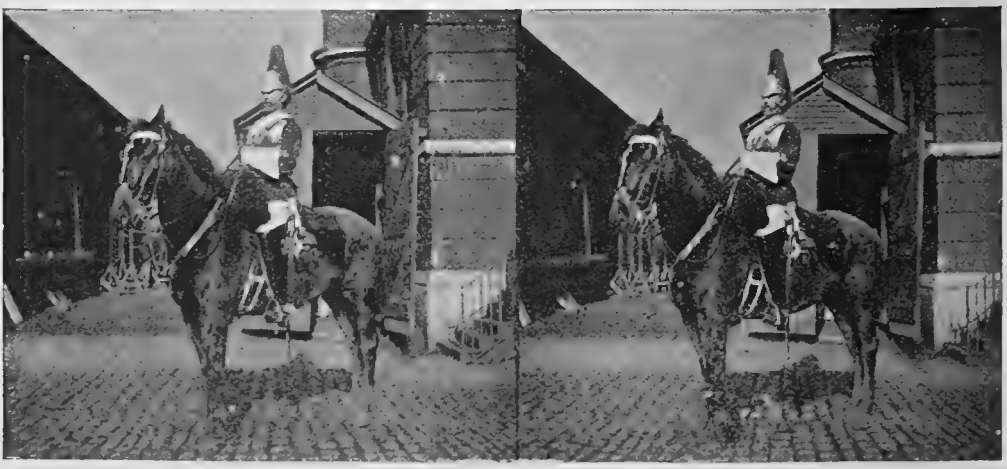
Packing Herrings.



A Life Guardsman.

The Reuss, above Goeschenen.

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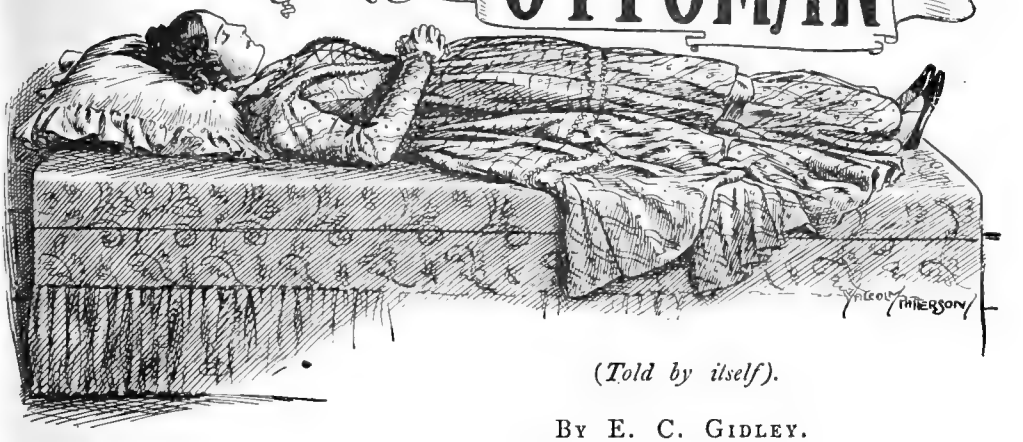
THE ROMANCE OF AN OTTOMAN



(Told by itself).

By E. C. Gidley.

The watery rays of a November sun were coming in as best they could through the dusty little aperture, designated by the name of a window, which was all we could boast of in the lumber-room, where we—a heterogeneous collection of worn-out furniture—spent the remaining years before our ultimate dissolution. And the short afternoon was slowly drawing to a close, when the arm-chair which had been very talkative ever since it made its appearance, three months ago, scoffed at me derisively saying:

"Well! at any rate *that* shabby old thing has no story to tell!"

"Haven't I?" I said quietly, "I will try and you shall judge for yourself."

* * * *

I am not a Turk. I have never even belonged to one, and have no connection whatever with the Empire whose name I bear, so I really have not the slightest idea why the appellation "ottoman" was given me. I thought, once upon a time, that I might have seen the reason in a dictionary,—but no! search only went to prove the fact that I am "a stuffed seat, without a back"; and that "Othoman was the founder of the Turkish Empire." I mention this for the guidance of anyone who may wish to sift the matter to the bottom, and succeed where I have failed.

I remember, I was covered with beautiful crimson damask, when I left the upholsterer's shop many years ago, and went to my first home, in a little village in the Midlands. The house was large, and belonged to a man who owned several of the large iron foundries, for which the district is famous. The gentleman himself had bought me, while on a visit to the Metropolis, and I knew from the conversation held over me in the shop, that I was destined to grace the room of his only daughter; and as I have the bad,—or good—taste to prefer the stupidest woman on earth to the cleverest man any age has ever produced, I rejoiced to think that I was in a safe way to having my desires gratified.

I travelled down in the luggage van of the train my purchaser made the journey in, and the next day was presented to my future mistress.

"Oh! Papa," she exclaimed, "what a dear you are, to bring me such a sweet ottoman," and so saying she threw both her arms round his neck and kissed him.

I seem to see her now, as I carry my mind back to those days, from my last resting-place in this old lumber room in a Devonshire Rectory, where I have been stored away for the last five years, with a lot of other rubbish, out of sight and useless. But you, younger ones, who only joined us a few weeks ago, have begged me for a story, to

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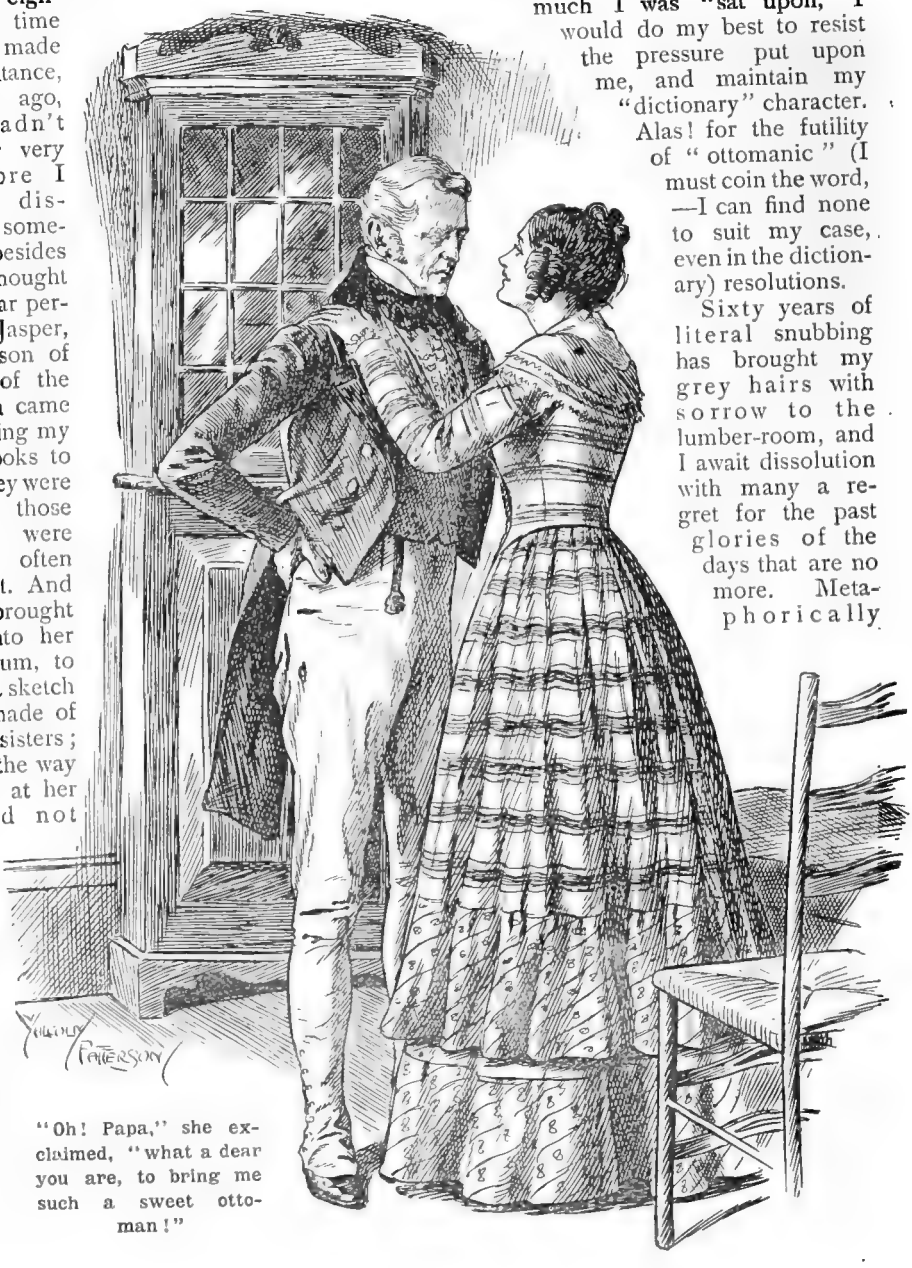
while away the dulness—and what better one could I find to tell you than my own?

Dorothy Carre was tall and slender, with brown eyes and hair, and a complexion which owed none of its fairness to the arts or soaps of the day! She had a graceful, easy carriage, and a well-shaped little head, and her crimson lips closed over the whitest, prettiest teeth I ever saw. She must have been about eighteen at the time when I first made her acquaintance, sixty years ago, and I hadn't known her very long before I made the discovery that somebody else, besides myself, thought her very near perfection. Jasper, the eldest son of the Vicar of the place, often came over, bringing my mistress books to read, for they were scarce in those days, and were lent more often than bought. And once, she brought him up into her little sanctum, to show him a sketch she had made of one of his sisters; and from the way he looked at her then, and not much at the picture, I guessed where his heart was.

My place as a "stuffed seat without a back," was against the wall in Dorothy's private sitting-room,—she would have called it her "boudoir" had she lived in these degenerate days of French idioms and affectation—and many were the approving glances cast at my crimson chest from time to time by my mistress's admiring but envious friends. And my crimson face would have grown more crimson, if it had been possible, and my padded chest more puffed up with pride, as I determined, that however much I was "sat upon," I would do my best to resist the pressure put upon me, and maintain my "dictionary" character. Alas! for the futility of "ottomanic" (I must coin the word, —I can find none to suit my case, even in the dictionary) resolutions.

Sixty years of literal snubbing has brought my grey hairs with sorrow to the lumber-room, and I await dissolution with many a regret for the past glories of the days that are no more. Metaphorically



"Oh! Papa," she exclaimed, "what a dear you are, to bring me such a sweet ottoman!"

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Her father motioned her to shake hands with the stranger.

speaking I am still snubbed, but time has softened the hurt, and age feels no resentment.

One sunny afternoon in October, about three years after my arrival, Mr. Carre put his head inside the boudoir, and asked his daughter's permission to bring a friend to see her. Dorothy, writing at her little bureau, answered in the affirmative, and the gentlemen entered.

The younger of the two was a stout man, with a florid complexion, and fair hair. His age might well have been anything from thirty to forty-five, and his eyes had the heavy look of one whose senses are not always under command, and whose nights are unnaturally curtailed.

As Dorothy looked up from her writing, her father motioned her to shake hands with the stranger, and as she did so I saw a shiver of repulsion pass through her frame. I little thought how often I was to see it in later days!

This visit was only the first of many, and one night Dorothy came upstairs from an interview with her father, and flinging herself on my crimson surface, sobbed as if her heart would break, while she brokenly murmured Jasper's beloved name. And I was powerless to console her; what could an ottoman do, but receive the tears and say nothing about it to anyone.

I was glad when the door opened and admitted the old nurse, who was warmly attached to her motherless young mistress, and was horrified at the sight of her distress.

"Miss Dorothy!" she exclaimed, gently raising the tear-stained face—"What is hurting you, my dear?"

It was Nanny's quaint way of expressing herself, and a very true one. It is hurt, we are, either mentally or bodily, when the unavailing tears flow, and the spirit sinks in woe.

My mistress turned and wound her arms about the old woman's neck. "I think my heart will break, Nanny," she said between her sobs, "for—for—father has told me he owes such a lot of money to Mr. Price

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(mentioning the florid gentleman), that he can only keep from utter ruin, and perhaps, prison, by—by giving *me* to him instead of the money."

It was all out now, the pitiful little story, and I couldn't repress a creak of horror at the monstrosity of the plan. Both the women started at the unexpected noise, but Dorothy said:

"It's only the ottoman, Nanny; perhaps it's sorry for me," a little bitterly.

"But, my dear, no one shall force you to marry Mr. Price, nor anyone else you don't love, while I'm alive to forbid the banns," said the old woman indignantly. "And I'd forbid the banns, sure enough, if I'd got to stand up in the church all by myself to do it!"

A faint smile crossed Dorothy's white face.

"No, you wouldn't," she said sorrowfully, "if you had heard all father has to say on the subject. And I am only a girl, so he says, and it doesn't matter! But oh! Jasper."

The last name echoed round the room, an exceeding bitter cry. Jasper Wyndham, alas, was a young man blessed with more than his share of good looks and brains, but with no money at all beyond his subaltern's pay. In after years Jasper showed that he had great worth in him, and came near to the top of his profession in the army; but at the present time he was only a poor lieutenant, very much in love with the daughter of a man who was supposed to be the richest iron-master in Warwickshire, and she was in love with him. Many a time had their blithe young voices floated up to me from the garden below; and now — never again should I hear their whispered words of love, nor the harsher tones of Aunt Anne, who lived at the Manor, and kept house for her widowed brother—calling them to come in, or to keep off the grass, as the dew was very heavy in the evenings.

Perhaps, Dorothy was thinking of all this too, as she grew gradually calmer, under the affectionate soothing of Mrs. Horner. At any rate the sobs grew less violent, and by and by, worn out with weeping, she lay down on me, and Nanny drew the blinds and left her to the sleep of utter exhaustion.

The days dragged on apace, and brought the awful wedding-day ever nearer and nearer. Jasper, who was in India with his regiment, had received from his little love a heart-broken letter explaining the situation, and the only, awful way out of it. He had answered, expostulating, and affirming his undying love, but Dorothy with the shadow of doom hanging over her head, had written again, telling him that intreaties and threats were of no avail with her father, and that he must forget her, as she must try to forget him. And Wyndham, at that time with General Nott marching upon Cabul to avenge the slaughter of the English there, had no chance of further letters, either from or to England.

The night before the wedding, Dorothy, looking pale and tired, came into her little room, after dinner was over. Every available space was taken up with presents, which had poured in from all sides. An enormous silver salver and two cases of fish knives and forks were weighing me down I remember—presents from the employés at her father's works. She quietly removed them and lay down on me as she often did now, and closed her eyes with a sigh. Presently, however, a thought struck her, and rising, she fetched a little blotting case she always wrote on, and commenced a letter. Frequently she knit her brows, and passed her hand across her blue-veined temples, as if to steady the throbbing nerves. When she had finished and sealed the note she slipped it into a little crevice at my head.

"I shall send it to him to-morrow, on my wedding day," she murmured to herself drowsily; then she once more lay down and folded her hands calmly in front of her. It gave me a kind of shock, she looked so like a corpse, but I was more concerned for the moment, with the letter, which owing to an unseen slit in the material of my skirt, had slipped down between it and the lining, and I had no means of drawing my mistress' attention to the fact. However, I comforted myself with the reflection that sooner or later someone would be sure to find it, and as my mistress seemed in no hurry to go to her bedroom, I composed myself for the night.

The next morning was fairly well advanced, and it was about seven o'clock before I became conscious of the fact that Miss Dorothy was still lying where she had been the night before, and I became anxious. To my relief old Nanny appeared at the door not long after, consternation on her face, for her young mistress' bed had not been slept on all night. She approached me and gently touched Dorothy's hand, which she dropped with a scream. Then recovering herself, bent over the motionless form, a shudder passing over her as she did so. For as she looked she knew that never more would the sun rise or set for Dorothy Carre in this world, until the last day of reckoning should

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dawn; and that her young mistress had passed the boundary between this world and the great Hereafter, whence no human being has ever returned, however vainly prayed for, and deeply mourned.

So the day of rejoicing was turned into woe, and a week later all that remained of Dorothy Carre was laid to rest in the adjoining churchyard. Jasper's father read the burial service over her with trembling lips and unsteady voice. He had known her from earliest childhood, and was one of the few who believed her end to have been "righteous." There had been ugly rumours afloat about suicide and poison, but the doctors called in, disagreed upon the subject, and gave my poor young mistress the benefit of the doubt, so she was allowed to be buried in consecrated ground; and Mr. Price attended as one of the principal mourners, with a deep hat band on his hat.

Not long after, Mr. Carre was declared insolvent, and Carreton Manor and all the contents were put up for sale. I trembled for my fate, but I needn't have, for I went to the Vicarage—the old clergyman's wife having taken rather a fancy to me in my palmier days.

And I remained in the best spare bedroom there for many a year, but master Jasper never came home, and I used to wonder sometimes what had become of him all this time, and if he had really grieved for my beautiful Miss Dorothy's sad end.

It must have been quite twenty years after her death that the old Vicar followed her, and the widow sold most of the furniture to the in-coming clergyman, and went to live with her married daughter in Devonshire. Once again I became the subject of much discussion, while my fate trembled in the balance.

"It's rather old, don't you think, Mumsey," I heard a voice say, "and if you take it, it will want re-covering. Still, perhaps, it would be useful for the spare room, so we'll say yes—and if Jasper—" here, just when I was beginning to prick up my ears—I mean my chest—the two ladies moved away, and I heard their footsteps retreating downstairs.

So I took another journey in my old age, and arrived at my destination with more comfort than I should have thought possible, glad to know that I shouldn't lose sight of the family I had grown so fond of.

"And I am only a girl, so he says, and it doesn't matter."

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But no one thought again about re-covering me—and I *did* so long for new clothes. I wonder if half the housekeepers in the world think that a piece of furniture may possibly take an interest in its appearance. Why does your sideboard creak, except to convey to you by the best means in its power that it would like a little more polish on, or—a little less dust?

I think ten years must have passed away, and I still graced—or disgraced—the spare room at Markham Rectory; for Miss Wyndham had married an old curate of her father's—I have noticed most clergymen's daughters do—and the time slipped by so uneventfully that I thought I should never have any fresh interest in life, and might as well give up my "ottomanic" ghost.

But one day the two eldest daughters of the house came into my room—another Dorothy, tall, slender, and twenty, and her sister Mary.

I caught their eye—or they caught mine.

"Oh! and Dorothy, this must be recovered," I heard the younger girl say deprecatingly. "If I get the scissors we might rip off all this dreadful old crimson damask at once!"

Dreadful old crimson damask indeed! It might be old and shabby, but, damask is damask all the world over, as everybody of understanding knows, and my yellow silk binding had been the envy of all the other ottomans in the shop once upon a time.

"Yes, it *is* shabby," assented Dorothy, casting her pretty brown eyes over my form with a pitying glance. "I should like some of that nice pink rosebud cretonne for it very much. Perhaps Mamma will let us have some, and we could get it finished by the time Uncle Jasper comes. Let us go down and ask her now."

Uncle Jasper! Could it indeed be, that after all these years I should see the only man whom *my* Dorothy had ever loved? And if so, would he bring a wife and children with him, or would he come alone, faithful to the memory of his dead love? Time would show, I thought, and then, the girls came back with a huge pair of scissors, and yards of pretty fresh cretonne, and I knew that patience and virtue are sometimes rewarded even here, and sooner or later every ottoman has its day!

Snip! snip! the old shabby covering fell from off me, under the influence of those gigantic scissors, and on to the floor fell also a little note, yellow with age! In a moment Dorothy's quick eyes had detected it, and she picked it up from the floor. "What's this?" she cried, holding the letter up to the

She fetched a little blotting case . . . and commenced a letter.

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"What's this?" she cried, holding the letter up to the light.

light which it had not seen for fifty years. "A note addressed to Jasper Wyndham—I wonder who it belongs to? It isn't even in an envelope; and, look, Mary, it has never been opened. I shall see if Granny knows anything about it."

So saying she left Mary to grapple alone with my new frock, and ran lightly down the stairs.

What the conversation was, that took place in the Rectory study, miles away from the little room where that loving tender note had been penned, I know not. I can only tell you the result, which took place a fortnight later, when Jasper Wyndham, a tall man, of soldierly bearing and bronzed by the Indian sun, was brought into the room by his two nieces, and had his attention drawn to me in all the glory of my pink rosebuds.

His dark eyes were full of pathos, and the unshed tears of middle age; and in his hand he held a yellow note whereon the ink had faded, till the writing was almost illegible.

"It was here Uncle Jasper that we found it," said the new Dorothy, giving me a pat of satisfaction. "We were re-covering it, as it was so shabby, and that letter fell out. I suppose it's meant for you. Mother and Granny say so."

The man's lips quivered a little, but the girls were looking at me, not at him, and it escaped their notice.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I suppose—it belongs to me."

Their mother called them at this moment—perhaps she guessed a little what her brother would be feeling — and they left him standing alone in the middle of the room.

As the door closed on their retreating figures, Jasper took one long stride and fell on his knees by my side, throwing his arms out despairingly.

"Dorothy, oh! Dorothy, my darling," he cried, kissing the note again and again. "How glad I am to have your dear little letter, though so *very, very* late. It seems as though you were just within my reach, here, by the old ottoman, which has been the grave of this scrap of paper for such years and years. And dearest, they wrote to tell me that it was thought you committed suicide—you! the purest, fairest being that ever lived. But they lied, your letter tells me that at any rate, and I can let all the world know that they wronged you. Oh! Dorothy, would that you could come to me, or that I could come to you, for ever so short a space of time ——" he paused. Only once a curious shiver passed over him, but he still knelt on in the gathering gloom of the short November afternoon.

And so his sister found him when she came to see if he were coming down to tea.

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"Jasper!" she said, moving towards the corner of the room occupied by me.

Getting no answer, she struck a match, and gently touched his shoulder. Then she started back in horror, and her piercing scream brought the rector up from his study, with flying feet, to ask what the matter was.

His face paled when he caught sight of the inanimate figure kneeling at my side.

"Jasper!" his wife gasped, pointing to her brother.

The clergyman laid his hand on the heart that had ceased to beat for ever.

"He—— he is dead!" he answered quietly, getting up from the ground.

"Can't anything — be done, Morgan?" urged the other in agonised tones.

The rector put his hand on his wife's shoulder, and pushed her gently towards the door.

"No power on earth can call Jasper back again," he said, solemnly.

The doctor who was called in shook his head.

"Heart disease!" he said briefly. "This Indian climate is positively ruinous to Englishmen; the only wonder is that so many survive it at all. I can do nothing; he must have died quite suddenly and painlessly."

Six days later a funeral procession wound its way up the hill to the little churchyard, where all that was mortal of Jasper Wyndham was laid to rest. A simple white cross marks his grave, with his name, and the dates of his birth and death.

But it was not the Indian climate that killed Colonel Jasper Wyndham.

* * * *

"That is the end of my story, at any rate as regards interest."

* * *

"You seem to have had a remarkable career," said the arm-chair, after a minute's silence. "Two people died on you, no wonder you're where you are! Is that all you can remember? Or did you see the letter?"

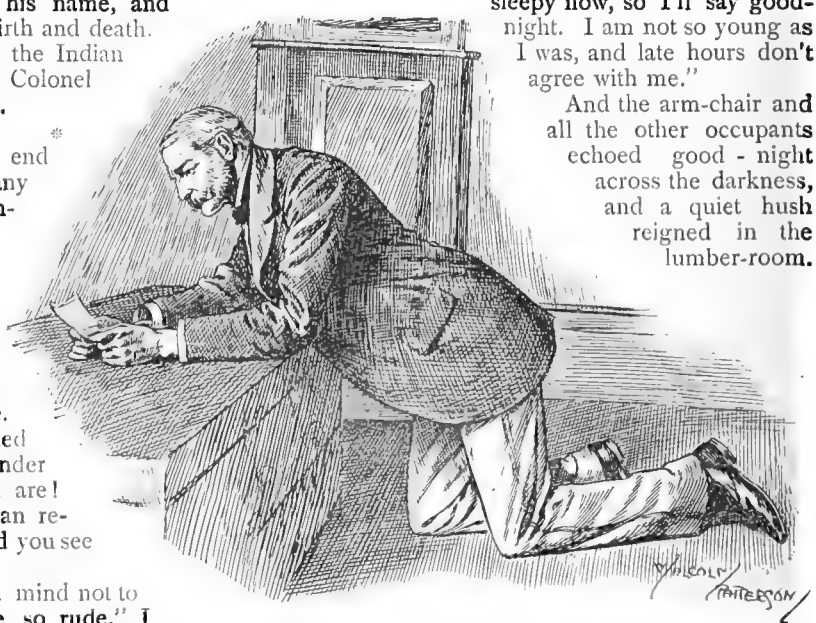
"I have half a mind not to tell you, you are so rude," I returned, with some of my old spirit, "but since we are companions in misfortune, I will be forgiving. Yes, I *did* see the letter, for it dropped from Jasper's hand when they carried him away. I couldn't tell you the exact words, for I only saw them once, and it all happened so long ago; but Miss Dorothy told him in it that she felt very drowsy and queer that night, and she thought it must have been the powder that an old woman in the village had given her for her headache. And she finished by adding her love, 'for' she wrote, 'I'm getting so sleepy I must go to bed now, or I shan't be awake for the wedding-day, and I shall want all the strength I possess to marry one man, loving another. Fortunately, he knows, and won't expect too much. Good-night and good-bye Jasper; for the next time we meet I shall be married, and must never think of you again, if I can help it. But pray for me,—Your heart-broken Dorothy.'"

I heard the arm-chair give a creak, and I knew that the story had made an impression. She looked at me across the darkening lumber-room.

"I am glad he died too," she said huskily —"he must have been *so* tired of waiting, and that letter——"

"That letter—" I interposed. "It wasn't exactly my fault that I had kept it so long. I really ought to have had a new cover years before; but you know what people are, they never think about it, as I said before. I am sleepy now, so I'll say good-night. I am not so young as I was, and late hours don't agree with me."

And the arm-chair and all the other occupants echoed good-night across the darkness, and a quiet hush reigned in the lumber-room.



Jasper . . . fell on his knees by my side.

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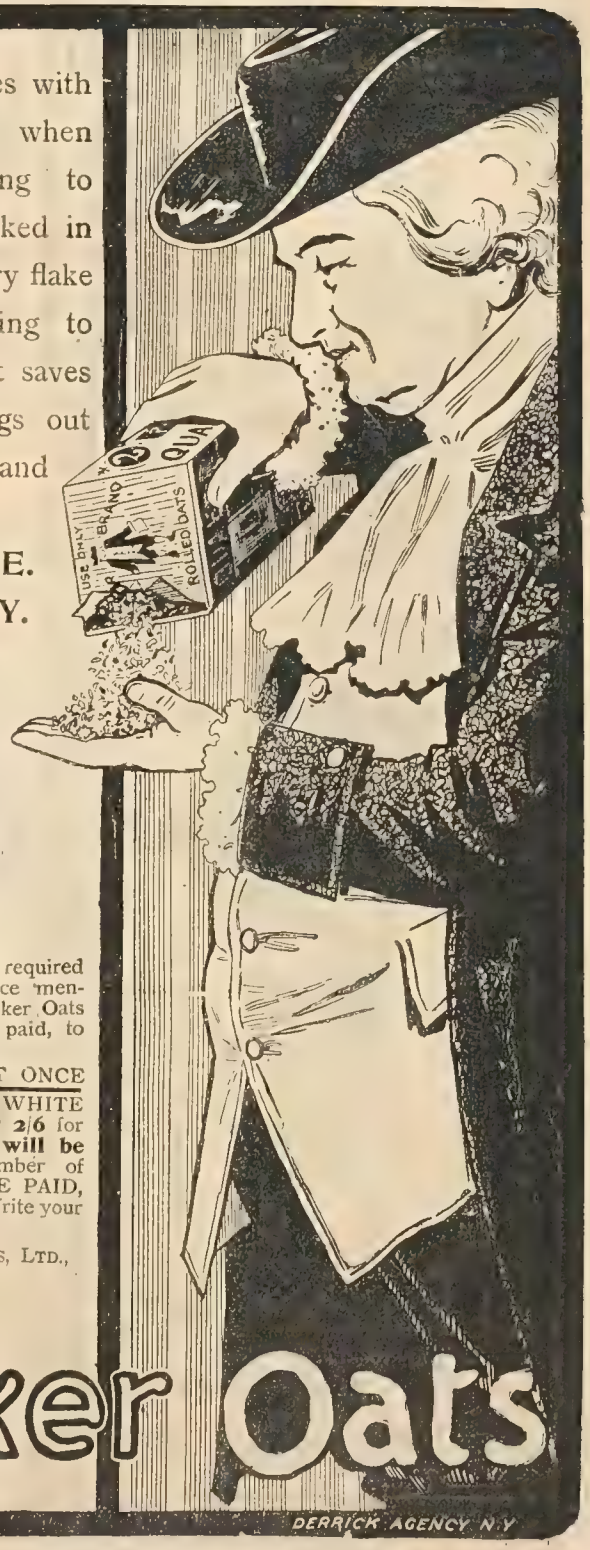

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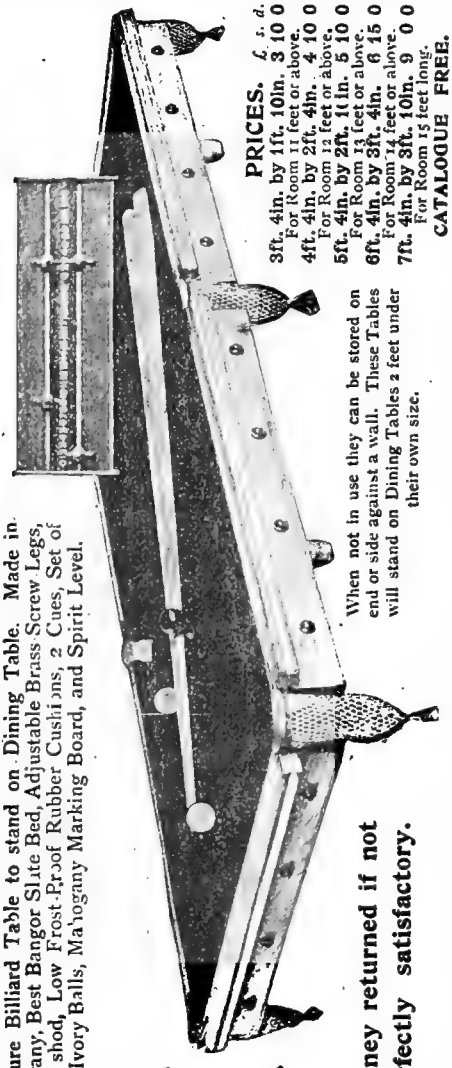

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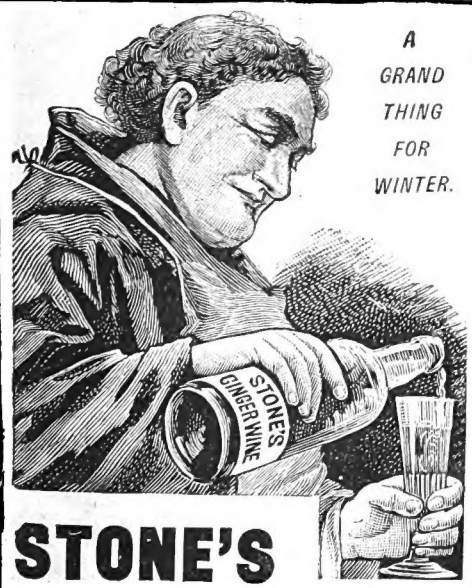

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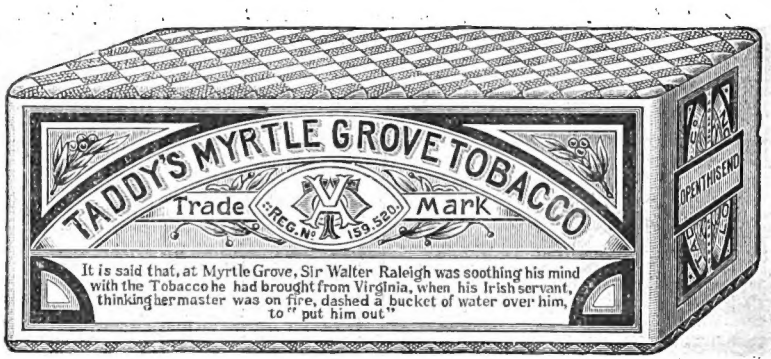
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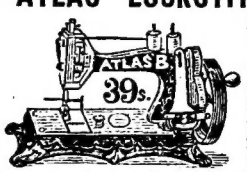

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